



LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

BY JAMES EMERSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ON board the Madonna de Tunisa we found a fellow-traveller, Mr. Scoles, an English ar-

chitect, who, having completed the tour of Greece and Egypt, had engaged his passage as far as Cyprus, with the intention of crossing over to Beirout, and thence to Syria and Palestine. It was sunset before our Captain had completed his arrangements on shore, and put off, accompanied by two Turkish officers of the port, who came for the purpose of overhauling the vessel, in order to ascertain whether any Greek fugitives were on board.

The delay occasioned by this scrutiny, detained us till it was too late, in the opinion of the captain, to attempt navigating the shoals of the bay; and we accordingly lay at anchor till the dawn of the following morning, when we hove short and got under weigh with a favourable breeze, which about noon brought us up with the castle,\* where we were again

\* The fortress called by the Turks Sangiac Bornou, and by the Greeks, Agio Souli, was built about the year 1656, but has received no repairs since the hour of its erection to

examined by commissioners from the shore, and all being found correct, got our final clearance and stood out for sea. The “inbat” had, however, commenced to blow, and we were consequently forced to beat out against it, whilst the position of the shoals rendered our tacks so short, that we made but little way. At length to complete our discomfiture, we got aground upon a sandbank about four o’clock in the afternoon, where a French corvette had stuck two days before; and considerable time was again lost in sending out our anchor by the long boat, and warping off into deeper water, so that night was closing in ere the rising land-breeze again set all to rights, and we turned in as the vessel was making five or six knots towards Cape Karabornou.

the present. A few cannon are mounted on the upper parts; and on a terrace close by the water’s edge we observed some enormous granite balls prepared for guns in the rock, similar to those at the castle of the Dardanelles; but altogether it is a most contemptible concern for either attack or defence.

It was dark when we had passed the islands of Vourla, (or, as the Turks call them, Dourlach, from which our name for them is derived,) but we could descry the lights upon the hills, which we supposed to belong to the modern representative of Clazomene. Several vessels of war were lying at anchor behind Drimusa, or English island, where they generally drop down from Smyrna to take in fresh water, and to scale their guns. There is a more intense excitement in sailing by night in the Levant, than in any other sea I have ever passed over; there are a thousand possible dangers from sudden squalls, and pirates and sunken rocks, that keep the imagination on a continued stretch; then the softened azure of the midnight sky is so pure and placid, and its little twinkling stars are so sparkingly reflected in the deep dark sea beneath them, and if, as is seldom the case, it be a night of clouds and darkness, there will follow in the wake of the

vessel a long line of phosphorescent light, which heaves and glitters like a stream of lava, till it again subsides into dimness and repose.

At sunrise, the wind, though favourable, had freshened so considerably as quite to perplex our timid skipper: it was merely what a British seaman would have considered "a fresh breeze," but our worthy "nauklèros" thought far otherwise, and though we were now fairly outside the Gulf and within sight of Scio, he insisted on making for Fokia, on the opposite promontory of the bay of Smyrna, and lying-to till the weather should have abated; and we accordingly came to anchor in the harbour early in the forenoon.

As we entered it, we were crossed right ahead by an Austrian frigate, having in tow seven Greek misticos, whom she had captured, in consequence of finding them at sea without regular papers from the Greek Admiral Miaoulis, or, in other words, on a suspicion of

piracy. Under such circumstances, it was certainly her duty to take possession of these boats and convey them for examination to the proper national authorities; but it was cruel in the extreme to lead them prisoners of war into the most cautious port of Turkey, and deliver them over into the hands of their political enemies, in order to be punished for a *suspicion* of a *civil* offence.

The entrance to the Gulf of Fokia, the ancient Phocæa, is defended on the southern side by a castle, garrisoned by a few Turkish soldiers: and the town is built upon a tongue of land which was probably the former separation between the two harbours mentioned by Livy, “Lampter,” and “Naustathmos:” that to the west of the town is now a muddy shoal, and that to the east is solely accessible for small boats. We landed on the latter, and entered the city by a gate on the land side. The miserable houses of the modern town



gave us but a slight idea of that Phocæa, whose fleets once visited the remotest shores of Europe, and planted colonies on the wildest coasts of Gaul and Iberia.\* It is still surrounded by a wall, though in a state of total ruin, which our guide told us was built by the Genoese, who possessed Phocæa in the early part of the fifteenth century, but may possibly be in some parts a portion of that which was erected by the inhabitants against the invasion of Cyrus, with the money presented for that purpose by Arganthionius, King of Sartessus, in the bay of Cadiz.

Fragments of columns and antique carvings lie about in various quarters; but there are no remains of any consequence. Without the gate are two Roman Sarcophagi, now used as

\* The modern Marseilles was, according to Strabo, a colony of Phocæans, (“κτίσμα δὲ ἐστὶ Φωκαίων ἡ Μαρσιλία,” *Strabo, Rerum Geogr. Lib. iv.*) and was once adorned with temples to Apollo and Diana, erected by its founders.

cisterns ; one is still unfinished as regards the carving of the festoons, and the ornaments of the other have been rechiselled by a modern hand. Near another gate are some architectural remains, but so mutilated as to retain no clue to their original destination. Our delay was on the whole unsatisfactory ; and having obtained a fresh supply of fruit, milk, and honey, we returned to our vessel.

The wind having subsided a little, our captain was induced to put to sea again in the morning. A fair run brought us about sunset into the straits of Chesmè, and having passed the Spalmadores and Hippi, we were becalmed in the morning off the town of Scio. The broad expanse of the beautiful strait was smooth as a mirror, save when a shoal of dolphins disturbed its surface as they gambolled in the sunbeams ; on either side, the smoke of the morning fires was rising from the snowy roofs of Scio and of Chesmè, the green hills of

the island were still freshly tinted with the sparkling dew, and, as the mists rolled away from the brown summits of Erythræ, their rugged cliffs were accurately reflected in the unrippled stream.

Captain Panagies Androcopoulo, was extremely impatient of this delay, but, as he paced the deck somewhat more hastily than usual, he chanced to put his hand upon his unshorn chin, which had not known a razor since the morning before we had sailed from Smyrna, and he at once adopted the resolution to go on shore and be shaved: to resolve and to execute was the work of a minute, and accordingly about half-past six o'clock A.M., we were seated in his boat and pulling stoutly for the pier of Scio.

We passed between the lighthouse and a fortress on a small island in the harbour, and landed at the mole, which lies to the western extremity of the town. The streets through

which we passed were in almost total ruin, very few of any of the houses having been rebuilt since their destruction during Hassan's massacre, and numbers of miserable wretches were still inhabiting the half-consumed hovels. The town is protected by a fortress close by the sea, built by the Genoese, which mounts a few cannon on the land side, and over which the blood-red flag of Mahomet was floating in the morning sun. It is surrounded by a moat, once filled with water, and still, though choked with mud, its sole protection, across which is thrown a drawbridge, which originally moved upon its hinges, but which had long grown stiff through infirmity and age.

Near the beach, we passed the ruins of a mosque, and several houses which were overthrown about twelve months before, in consequence of a salute from the cannon of the Greek fleet, whilst sailing past the island; and in the harbour were lying a Goletta and a sixteen-gun brig, which had been captured by the

Turks during the previous massacre at Ipsara in 1824. We had traversed a good portion of the town, and some of the grass-grown gardens in the suburbs, where we still found some bunches of luscious grapes, and trees covered with delicious oranges; and were returning to search for the laboratory of a barber, when our party was overtaken by the cavalcade of Youssef Pacha, the present governor of Scio.

He was habited in a rich crimson turban, and purple pelisse lined with sable and gorgeously embroidered: he rode a cream-coloured Arabian, and was altogether a splendid personage; his suit consisted of about twelve or fourteen individuals gaudily dressed and well mounted, and the furious gallop at which they passed us, raised no trifling dust in our path. We, however, attracted no notice, and having found the *atelier* of the artist we were in search of, Captain Panagies underwent the ceremonies of his profession in due form. I observed that the "Mambrino's basin" with an aperture to

receive the chin, which figures in Don Quixote, but which is merely an outward and visible sign of a barber in England,' was still in use with our Sciote operator; and the same razor which smoothed the beard of the captain, was immediately applied, in lieu of scissors, to amputate the exuberant length of his hair.

The barber was as brisk and talkative as the most garrulous of his class, which, in fact, varies little in any quarter of the world; and having insisted on having the honour to dress "Milordi Inglesi," he most politely doffed his apron, and accompanied us to the beach, bidding us an eternal adieu with all the grace and pathos of the most finished practitioner of Paris. A party who seemed to be proceeding on a shooting excursion, drew up to observe us as we stepped into our boat; they were all well armed, and one wore an English shot-belt and powder-horn, whilst another, who seemed the buffoon, or perhaps the "gamekeeper" of the party, wore a fantastic cap adorned with

the tails of rabbits and other trophies of the chase.

A slight westerly wind springing up about midday, we passed at sunset through the Great Boghas, between the islands of Samos and Nicaria, keeping to the left of Fourni.\* On coming on deck the succeeding morning, the breeze was again dying away, and we lay almost unmoving at the extremity of the Strait, with Patmos a few miles ahead, on either quarter of the islands which we had passed, and to the right, the low marshy coast of Asia Minor, in the vicinity of the Mæander.

Nicaria, whose name has been modernized by the addition of the initial letter, is the scene of the catastrophe of Icarus; and we were now floating in that quarter of the Ægean, which, according to Pliny and Strabo, takes its name from the circumstance of his death;† high

\* The Island of Ants, Anglice. † Nat. Hist. lib iv. cap. 12.

Νῆσος ἡ Ἰκαρία, ἀφ' ἧς τὸ Ἰκάριον πέραγος·

Strab. Geog. Lib. xiv.



chains of mountains occupy its entire extent, and our pilot informed us, that its inhabitants, who are said to be the most barbarous and uncivilized of all the Greeks, are solely supported by the sale of charcoal to the neighbouring towns of Samos and Skala Nova, and by the exportation of fire-wood, with which their hills are covered.

The mountains of Samos are the most elevated of any of the islands I have seen. Its miserable inhabitants have, during the last five years, been reduced to a state of the most abject wretchedness, in consequence of the augmented severity of the Turks since the failure of their attempt to assist their enslaved countrymen of Scio. Their island is possessed of no objects of antiquity, save a few overthrown remains, and one solitary column of the once gorgeous temple of Juno, which Pausanias states to have been built by the Argonauts, as a depository for the statue of the goddess which they had carried off from Argos. This pro-



digy of art the Tyrrhenians once attempted to steal; but Athenæus, who relates the fact, adds, that they had scarcely cleared the harbour when they were overtaken by a calm, which prevented their departure till the goddess was again restored to her pedestal.

It seemed as if we had now got some such "Jonas" on board the *Madonna de Tunisa*; for, during the entire forenoon we barely gained a mile, and some fragments of paper which we had thrown overboard in the morning, were still floating alongside us at noon-day. The set of the current had, however, gradually borne us down upon *Patmos*, and it required little persuasion of our captain to induce him to lower his boat, and land us in a small harbour to the right of the *Porta de la Scala*.

The island, which has every appearance of being of volcanic origin, seemed wretched in the extreme—a rugged rock, with a sprinkling of soil and a slight covering of verdure, which with the sterility of the earth, and the baking

heat of the sun, was so crisp as almost to crumble in our hands. We left our boat in the care of two of the sailors by the beach, and took the way by a rather rugged ascent towards the town of Patmos and the monastery of St. John, which crown the summit of a hill about three quarters of an hour's walk from the port.

The latter building, which is situated on a rock, and consists of a number of towers and bastions, has much more the air of a military than a monastic edifice, and is said to have been built by the Emperor Alexis Comnenes, in the year 1117, to serve at once as a residence for the brethren of St. John, and a protection to the inhabitants against the corsairs.

It now contains accommodations for a numerous society of monks, under the protection of the Bishop of Samos. Their character, however, is by no means the most sanctified, as they are generally said to have been in close connexion with the Mainote pirates during the days of their infestment of the Levant, and are

still compelled by their poverty to resort to dishonourable employments to eke out their subsistence. One of the fraternity met us on the hill, and conducted us to the monastery, where we were received in an antiquated room, and treated with coffee and a melon.

The brethren dwelt much upon their poverty and privations, but, as no situation, however mean, is totally divested of pride, they spoke with no slight exultation of their old and honourable foundation, and their possessing a bell in their island, by permission of the Grand Mufti at Constantinople, through the high veneration in which the Turks hold the character of St. John; whilst almost all the other religious foundations of the East, even that of Mount Athos, are forced to be content with the crooked bar of iron which the Caloyers strike with a hammer, in order to summon the community to prayers.

One of our entertainers accompanied us to the Hermitage of Saint John, which lies about

midway between the beach and the convent. It is a mean little semi-Gothic chapel, which we approached by a rugged pathway ; one side of which incloses, or rather is formed by the sacred cave in which the Evangelist wrote his book of Revelations, during his banishment to Patmos, by Domitian, in the year of our Lord 79. Before the erection of the chapel, it must have been rather an exposed situation, as it is pierced but a very slight way into the rock ; and as the Monks make considerable traffic by disposing of pieces of the stone for the cure of diseases, a great portion of the present excavation may be attributed to *their* industry.

Two chinks in the rock above are pointed out as the apertures through which he received the Divine communications of the Holy Spirit, according to the immemorial tradition of the Mōnks, and of course, are held incomparably sacred, second in sanctity to the sepulchre of Jerusalem alone.

The appearance of the few inhabitants whom

we saw was perfectly consonant to the barren face of their island; the men clad in dirty cotton rags, and the women, though handsome, literally bundles of filth.\* We purchased from them a few partridges, and a vase of Aphrogala (αφρο γαλα) or clotted cream, and the captain having presented a donation of nuts for the Monastery, we returned on board. I should mention here, that the only partridges in the Greek islands are those with red legs, which are likewise found on the continent of Asia, and in the southern countries of Europe. In some of the Cyclades, when the inhabitants are too poor to

\* “ There are hardly three hundred men in Patmos, and at least twenty women for one man; they are naturally pretty, but disfigure themselves so with paint as to be absolutely frightful; yet that is far from their intention, for ever since a certain merchant of Marseilles married one of them for her beauty, they fancy there’s not a stranger comes thither but to make the like purchase. They looked on us as very odd fellows, and seemed to be mightily surprised when they were told we only came to search for *plants*, for they imagined on our arrival, we should carry into France at least a dozen wives.—*Tournefort, Voyage into the Levant*, vol. i. p. 330.

be enabled to expend much money on gunpowder, they have a practice of chasing them on foot till the birds are so wearied as to be easily taken with the hand: does not this illustrate 1 Samuel, xxvi. 20, which speaks of Saul pursuing David “as when one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains?”

Our commander, who lost no occasion of turning a circumstance to advantage, considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having this opportunity of running over his beads at the shrine of St. John; and though there was not the slightest appearance of a breath of wind, now relied with perfect confidence on the immediate arrival of a favourable breeze. His prediction seemed verified; in the course of the following twenty-four hours we had passed, by the assistance of a gentle wind, the island of Lero, (the birth-place of Patroclus,) Lerita, and Calymno.

It was now evening; the broad bright sun was sinking towards the Ægean, behind the

hills of Naxia, and Amorgos ; we were keeping our course to the West of the ancient Cos ; the censer of myrrh had been burned before the image of the Virgin in the cabin ; each of the crew had in turn performed his devotions at her simple shrine, and was now leaning over the side to mark the gradual approach of evening,—when all at once a vessel of most suspicious appearance emerged from behind one of the headlands of Stancho,\* about two miles to windward, and instantly made us a signal to bring to, by firing a gun athwart our course. Her hull and masts were painted black, and though evidently pierced for cannon, her yards were far less squared than became a ship of war ; the position of the wind, too, was such as to prevent us observing for some time the quarterings of her flag. No doubt, however, remained in the mind of our captain as to her being a corsair, and, as we were totally unprovided either with

\* Stancho, or Stanco, is no doubt a contraction (similar to those already mentioned) of εἰς τὴν Κόα.



men or arms, he looked for little less than plunder, if not assassination.

Nothing however remained but to hoist his Ionian colours, back his topsails, and lie to, to await her approach. In consequence of our ready compliance, the unceremonious signal was not repeated; the "sable bark" drew rapidly near. It was a moment of silent suspense, and the hurried tone in which our gallant commander summoned a council of war, bespoke his anxiety and agitation, when a sudden shifting of her course showed, floating at the mast-head of the strange vessel, the quartered cross and azure stripes of the Grecian flag, and in some degree restored his self-composure. In a few moments she hove to, and sent her boat to board us.

She was a brig of fourteen guns, commanded by a man called Raffael, whom I had formerly known at Hydra. Our fictitious papers were instantly produced, and after some scrutiny, passed muster, the presence of so many Eng-



lishmen on board contributing in no slight degree to establish the confidence of our overhauler. Our captain was, however, still unsatisfied as to the character of the brig, and by no means solicitous for a protraction of her visit; and on Raffael asking whether we had met with any British vessels, he unhesitatingly replied that we had just parted off Calymno with the Cambrian frigate, which was on a cruise after some Fourniot pirates. The Greek captain was delighted with the news, and lost no time in bidding us good-bye, whilst Androcopoulo *generously* insisted on presenting *him* likewise with a portion of the nuts with which he was freighted.

During the night we weathered the southern point of Cos, and entering the narrow strait between two small islands, called Yali and Nysiros, passed the mouth of the Gulf of Boodroom, and kept along the coast of Doris towards Simè and the north of Rhodes. The inhabitants of almost all the islands on this

part of the coast of Asia Minor subsist by diving for the sponges which are found in great abundance on the sunken rocks in the vicinity of their coasts ; those of Calymno are the most wealthy, whilst those of Piscopia and Simè are said to be by far the most expert.

The sea is at all times extremely clear, and the experienced divers are capable of distinguishing from the surface the points to which the animal has attached itself below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, which the diver seizes in his hands on plunging head-foremost from the stern, in order to increase the velocity of his descent through the water, thereby saving an expenditure of breath, as well as to expedite his ascent, being hauled up quickly by his companions when exhausted at the bottom.

I have seen but one man who could remain below more than about two minutes, and the process of detaching the sponge was of course

very tedious; three and sometimes four divers descending successively to secure a peculiarly fine specimen. When taken up fresh, it is covered with a gelatinous epidermis, said to be the flesh of the animal, and has a strong fishy smell; it is immediately immersed for some hours in warm water, till this coating detaches itself, and leaves within the porous vesicles which form the sponge of commerce, which is then purchased by the factors of the Smyrniot merchants.

On approaching Simè, we could not avoid being struck with the accurate knowledge of the localities of the spot evinced by our "*Karavikyrios*," (as the Levantine skippers call themselves): he ran his vessel, to all appearance, close upon shore, smiling at our surprise, till, suddenly rounding a jutting headland, we drove through a strait not fifty yards in width, and found ourselves in a beautiful bay, at the extremity of which were the town and harbour of Simè.

The Madonna de Tunisa, was immediately laid to ; the boat was lowered, and we were about starting for shore, when a gig from another Greek cruiser pulled along-side, and subjected us to a second scrutiny of our papers and destination ; we found from her that three vessels from the squadron of the Vice-Admiral Sactouri were lying in the harbour, and that the remainder were on the look-out off Rhodes, to keep watch on a portion of the Turco-Egyptian fleet which was at anchor there. The present division was under the direction of a Commodore Georgio Metrozuppo, who was now on board our vessel, and who politely invited our party to visit his ship in the harbour. We accordingly accompanied him in our own boat, and, in return for the *usual present of nuts*, were treated with pipes, coffee, and rosoglio. His bark was in capital order, and well appointed, with the exception of his guns, no two of which were of the same length or calibre,

and of course the greater number would be useless, in any action save at close quarters.

The town of Simè is built like that of Syra, at a short distance from the beach, its houses clustering like crystals round a small and abrupt conical hill. On the Marino are a few magazines of those of the inhabitants who carry on a traffic with the coasts of Egypt and Syria. The principal occupation, however, is sponging, and it is said that no young man of the island is permitted to marry till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms.\*

\* Directly opposite to Rhodes is a little and almost unknown island, named Himia,† which is worth notice, on account of the singular method which the inhabitants have to get their living. In the bottom of the sea, the common sponge (*Spongia officinalis*) is found in abundance, and more than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make it a trade to fish up this sponge, by which they get a living far from contemptible, as their goods are always wanted by the Turks, who use an incredible quantity of sponges in their baths. A girl in this island is not permitted by her relations to marry before she has brought up a

† Qu. Simè.

Those of the townsmen whom we saw, were tall and well-formed, worthy subjects of their king Nireus, whose handsome person Homer has immortalized.

The women, on the contrary, were swarthy and awkward, and their costume any thing but becoming. The head was enveloped in a white turban,\* the extremity of which was again passed round the waist: the gown, formed of the coarsest red serge, was of most ungraceful amplitude, the only coverings for the arms were the sleeves of a chemise, which merited

certain quantity of sponges, and before she can give a proof of her agility by taking them up from a certain depth.”—*Hasselquist, Voy. and Trav. in the Levant*, p. 175.

\* “ Les femmes de Symes émigrent en grand nombre pour Rhodes, où elles exercent le métier de porte-faise ; elles ressemblent par leur physionomie aux Bohémiennes, *et portent des turbans blancs*. Van Egmont apprit que c'était un privilège qui leur avait accordé Mahomet II., parcequ'à son retour de Rhodes elles étaient venues au-devant lui *en turban* pour montrer leurs sentimens Turcs. Si telle était l'origine de leurs turbans, l'honneur national exigerait qu'elles quitassent cette marque d'infamie.”—*Depping, la Grèce*, tom. iv. p. 16.

any epithet but "snowy," and down to the breast was a row of tin bosses, studded with coloured glass in imitation of gems. The ladies themselves were peculiarly shy, and it was only by stealth that our fellow-traveller Mr. Scoles was able to make a sketch of their adornments.

I should here mention a peculiarity in the costume of this gentleman's servant. He was a native of Saide near the base of Mount Lebanon, and wore a sort of tunic, covered (especially at the back and arms) with the closest embroidery and patches of variegated cloth. It reminded us at once of Joseph's coat of many colours, and of the spoils of Sisera in the Song of Barak. "Have they not sped, have they not divided the prey to every man a damsel or two. To Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both sides. (Judges ch. v. v. 30.)

It was likewise singularly illustrative of another fact. Saide, his native town, is the ancient Sidon taken by Baldwin the First, in A. D. 1110.



And the Sidonian women have been in all ages celebrated for their embroidery. So Homer, *Iliad*, Book vi. line 286.

ὦφραθ, &c. thus translated by Pope :

The Phrygean queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.  
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,  
*Sidonian* maids embroidered every part,  
Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful Paris bore,  
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Pope, B. vi. l. 358.

During about twelve hours which we remained at Simè, the captain of our brig contrived to pick up a considerable number of passengers for Castilorizo and Cyprus; one of whom shortly after claimed acquaintance with me. It was a considerable time since I had seen him, and sickness and fatigue had wrought such changes in his appearance, that I did not immediately recognize in him a servant who had formerly attended us in an excursion from Pyrgos to Tripolizza.

His name was Christophoro, and he was a



native of Cyprus. His father was a merchant of Lernica, who being seized by the Turks immediately after the massacre of the Primates at the commencement of the Greek Revolution, was compelled to turn Mahomedan in order to save his life, and secure his property for his children, the greater number of whom abjured Christianity along with him. Chistophoro had been four years married, when the event took place, which thus cut off almost the entire circle of his friends, and for ever alienated him from his home and his family. No entreaties could compel *him* to abandon his faith; but it was in vain that he crept from one place of concealment to another, in order to avoid the alternative of death or apostacy which awaited him on falling into the hands of his enemies; his retreats were, one by one, discovered, and the last resource which remained to him was to place his wife and child under the protection of his father, and fly from Cyprus, till some favourable change in the policy of its tyrants

might enable him to return once more to happiness and his home.

In an Ionian vessel sailing from Famagousta, he procured a passage, and was safely landed at Cephalonia, where he obtained a situation in the employment of an English house, as an agent for purchasing dried currants at Vostizza, in the Gulf of Lepanto. This, however, he was induced to abandon by the representations of a Cypriot Archimandrite in the service of the Greeks, in the hope of procuring an appointment in an expedition about to be fitted out by the Provisional Government, for the purpose of taking possession of Cyprus and driving out the Turks. For this undertaking the preparations were never completed, and after waiting for months in the bureau of the ΕΚΤΕΛΕΣΤΙΚΟΝ ΣΩΜΑ, or Executive body, at Napoli di Romania, Christophoro was obliged to sling a tophaic across his shoulder, and take to the hills with his yataghan and capote, as a palikari, in the troop of one of the Roumeliot

Capitani. His constitution was, however, by no means adequate to endure the hardships of kleftic warfare ; and after a few months of the most intolerable privations, living almost entirely on hard biscuit and snow-water, in the mountains of Lalla, he was obliged to resign his arms, and accept a domestic office from the Eparch of Pyrgos.

Here we had first met with him, and from hence he accompanied us across the Morea to Tripolizza. We had left him there robust and light-hearted, amidst all his sufferings ; as he now stood upon the deck, he was forced to lean his emaciated limbs against the bulwarks of the vessel for support, and we almost shuddered to meet the stare of his blood-shot, sunken eyes, and to look upon his bony fleshless hand.

He told us that after we had left him, he had gone down to Mylos, on the bay of Napoli, as an assistant to a camel-driver, and there had caught a fever from the miasmata of the marshes of Lerna. From the effects of this he

had never recovered. A mystico of Syra had conveyed him to that island, and from thence he had begged a passage in another to Simè, where our captain had taken him on board. He felt, he said, that he was dying; and his only wish was to reach Cyprus, and receive at once the welcome and the last farewell of his family.

For the two succeeding days, as we glided slowly along the rugged shores of Karamania, he was helped to come upon the deck, and recline in the sunshine; and one evening he called me to him to beg as a last request, that if I should touch at Cyprus, I would seek out Hadji George, of Lernica, tell him the melancholy end of his son Christophoro, and beg him to continue to perform for his wife and son, the duties of a husband and a father. Our vessel, however, shortly after reached the Island of Castelorizo, and Christophoro was still living, when we bade him good bye on board the Madonna de Tunisa, which sailed the following evening for Cyprus.

## LETTER VIII.

— ἐπὶ ξεστῇ ταφῇ.

*Euripides.*

## CASTELORIZO, ANTIPHELLUS, &amp;c.

Fondness of Greek Sailors for landing at numerous Ports.—  
 CASTELORIZO.—Origin of the name.—Modern Town.—  
 Misery of the Inhabitants.—Means of Subsistence.—Cas-  
 tles.—Natives.—The Women.—Singular Costume.—Re-  
 servoir of the Cliff.—Custom of Women drawing water in  
 the East.—Illustration of a Passage in the New Testament  
 relative to Wells.—Ancient City of MEGISTE.—Ancient  
 Custom of continued Mourning for the Dead.—A Caffé.—  
 ANTIPHELLUS.—Its Ports.—Antique Terrace.—TOMBS.—  
 Sepulchres raised on the Shore.—Sepulchres hollowed from  
 the Cliff.—Illustrations of the Sepulchres mentioned in the  
 Bible.—Theatre.—General aspect of Antiphellus.—Return  
 to Castelorizo.—Quarrel with the Aga.—Interview at the  
 Residence of the Governor.—Departure of the Madonna de  
 Tunisa.—Our occupations during our delay on the Island.—  
 Departure.—Travelling Companions.—Fishing in the Le-  
 vant.—GREEK BALLAD “THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.”

THE morning was splendidly beautiful, when  
 about sunrise we drove past the Hephta Kavi,

or Seven Capes, and bore down upon the island of Castelorizo. These frequent divergences from his course to Cyprus did not seem to incommode our commander in the slightest degree: he had no specific business at the island farther than to land us according to agreement, and to take on-board some fresh provisions; but even without these obligations he would no doubt have been induced to put in for a day or two, by his invariable principle of never remaining more than eight-and-forty hours at sea at a time, when he could avoid it.

In this part of the Mediterranean, too, islands are so very frequent that our navigation seemed rather inland than at sea. We never lost sight of one cluster till a second rose to view; and, as the seamen who traffic from port to port, form numerous acquaintances at each, a trip through "the Arches" is, to a Greek, merely a succession of visits to old friends, since he only parts with one in the morning to sup with another at night. The Karavi Kyrios wears

none of the important looks of a supercargo ; he is totally freed from the annoyances of charts and logbooks, and observations and bearings ; a deviation from his course is never a matter of either moment or reflection, and even the business of his life becomes but a vehicle of pleasure, his ship being rather his yacht than a merchantman, and his voyage as much a matter of amusement as of speculation.

This propensity is well illustrated by a modern poet :—

“ A merchant, who sailing from Greece to Triestè,  
Grew vex'd with the crew and avowedly testy,  
Because, as he said, being lazy and Greeks,  
They were always for putting in harbours and creeks,  
And instead of conveying him quick with his lading,  
(As any men would who had due sense of trading,)  
Could never come near a green isle with a spring,  
But smack they went to it like birds on the wing.” \*

About noon we passed the outer bay, and rounding a narrow cape at the entrance to the harbour, came to an anchor about an hour after

\* Leigh Hunt.



midday. The island, like the adjacent coast of Karamania, is formed of steep and precipitous cliffs of limestone, through which a red ochereous matter is constantly exuding, which communicates its tinge to the surrounding rocks. Hence it may have obtained from the Genoese and Maltese, who have at different periods held possession of it, the name of Castel Rosso, corrupted by the modern Greeks into *Καστελοριζο*, but whether it be the Cisthenè of Strabo, the Rhogè of Pliny,\* or the Megisté of Ptolemy, seems yet undecided, though the fact of its being the “largest” island on the coast, as well as its coincidence with the details of Livy, has induced Captain Beaufort to decide in favour of the latter.†

We landed at the beach, and proceeded to a miserable coffee-house, whence, whilst our host was preparing some partridges and pilaff for our dinner, we sallied out to take our survey of the town.

\* Hist. Nat. l. v. xxvi.

† Karamania, p. 12.



Of about five hundred houses, of which it consists, we saw none that did not bear the traces of abject poverty, and numbers were totally in ruins and uninhabited; their late occupants having fled to Adalia,\* and other towns on the Karamanian coast, in order to avoid the grinding exactions of the present Aga, whose term of tenure being of very uncertain continuance, he is forced to lose no time in reimbursing himself by sedulous extortion for the sums he has expended in the purchase of his government from the Pacha of Rhodes. The few remaining inhabitants are miserably poor, and subsist, almost exclusively, by piloting vessels to the different ports of Syria and of Egypt, by dealing in firewood from the opposite coast, or in wine from the Cyclades, and provisions from Adalia, with which they supply the seamen who may enter the harbour.

The island is scantily covered with a sprinkling of calcareous soil, but produces neither

\* Now Satalia, i. e. *εις Αδαλιαν*.

fruit, verdure, nor crops, and even for their fresh water the natives are forced to be dependent on the wintry rains, or the wells of the neighbouring shore. Trade they have none, and though, before the opening of the Greek revolution, they possessed a petty commerce in naval timber with the Hydriots and Spezziots, it has now been prohibited *in toto* by the Turkish authorities.

The town stretches along the borders of the sea, but, as the cliff rises suddenly into a precipice behind it, a number of the retired streets and passages are forced to be chiselled into steps from the rock, and these, owing to their steepness, are in general more clean and orderly than the less lofty portions of the town.

Immediately on the summit of the cliff, at an elevation of some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, stands a ruinous castle, built by the Genoese, chiefly from ancient materials, but now incapable of either assault or defence. Three or four useless cannon, of small

calibre, are all that remain on the battlements, the others having been carried off by some Greek cruisers, a few years since, and transferred to the navy of Hydra. A little fort lower down, towards the point of the cape, in an equally tottering condition, completes the batteries of Castelorizo; but the walls of both have never yet recovered the injuries which they sustained from the Russians, who, in 1770, captured and reduced them to their present state of helpless ruin. They are still, however, garrisoned by two hundred Turks, who are maintained by the impoverished islanders; and so jealous of the inspection of strangers was the tyrannous Aga, that it was with considerable difficulty we obtained a permission to visit the castles.

The men whom we met in our walks were poor and dejected in the extreme; every object wore an aspect of distress and melancholy; and the sombre sadness of the scene was aggravated by the unbroken silence which reigned

around us, and which, at particular hours of the day, when the streets are deserted and the inhabitants are enjoying their noonday sleep in the shade, renders Castelorizo more like a city of the dead than a resort of the living. The women were any thing but handsome, and their costume peculiarly ungraceful; a red clumsy jacket reached below the hips, from beneath which appeared a cotton petticoat and striped trowsers. The head was enveloped in a coloured handkerchief; and, as at Simé, a row of metal bosses was arranged down the breast of the bodice, whilst the arms, wrists, and ankles were profusely adorned with metal rings. They all seemed to be peculiarly shy and retiring, and, whether from a natural sense of modesty, or a consciousness of their deficiency in personal attractions, we found it peculiarly difficult to gain even a glance of their blushing and charmless countenances, or a rejoinder of *ὦρα καλή σας* to our salutation of *καλ' ἡμέρα σας*.

A walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to the site of the ancient city, on one of the loftiest points of the island. In going towards it, we passed, upon the summit of the cliff, a reservoir or cistern of simple but elegant construction, which serves to collect the water from two ravines in the hill, which would otherwise pour down upon the town. It is circular in form, built of stones, some of which are antique, and covered with a dome, the general effect of which, in its exalted situation, is grand and imposing.

We were met by several girls returning from it, bearing vessels in which they had been to draw water, and others laden with linen which they had washed at the fountain. Throughout the East, the custom, so often alluded to in Scripture, of its being the duty of females to go to the wells, seems to have prevailed from a period of the remotest antiquity, and is as prevalent at the present moment, as when Rebecca assuaged the thirst of the servant of Abraham,

“at the time of the evening, even at the time when women go out to draw water,”\* or when the woman of Samaria met Jesus by the well of Jacob.

This very edifice too, and others constructed for a similar purpose, afford a striking illustration of the peculiar force of the passage to which I have last alluded, besides several throughout the New Testament, in which the word “well” is erroneously translated. “If thou knewest (said Jesus to the woman) the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given unto thee *living water*. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and *the well* (το φρεαρ) is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the *well* (το φρεαρ), and drank thereof himself, his children, and his cattle? Jesus saith unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water

\* Gen. xxiv. 11.

shall thirst again. But whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be unto him a *well* (πηγη ὕδατος) of water springing up into eternal life." (1 John, iv. 10—14.)

Now, in the above passage the words φρεαρ and πηγη have been indiscriminately translated "well;" whereas the latter, which is applied by our Saviour to the "living water," signifies a *fountain*, a constant *spring*, in which sense it is employed in the Epistle by James:—"Doth a fountain (πηγη)," saith he, "send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"\*—and the former, φρεαρ, which should be translated a *cistern* or *reservoir*, from the Hebrew באר, signifies literally a *pit*, as in Luke, xiv. 5. "Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a *pit*" (εις φρεαρ εμπεσειται, &c.); and in Revelations, ix. 1, 2. the key of the bottomless pit (ἡ κλεις τοῦ φρεατος της αβυσσου); and ηνοιξε το φρεαρ της αβυσσου, he opened the bottomless pit.

\* James iii. 11.



The import of the passage therefore is, that the woman of Samaria stood by the *cistern* of Jacob, and hesitated to give Jesus to drink of the stagnant water collected within it, whilst he, had she known to ask it, could have given unto her, to drink of the fresh *fountain* that springeth up into endless life.

I may be mistaken in this interpretation, but the frequency of both wells and reservoirs throughout the East, and the superiority of the one to the other, serve to countenance the conclusion I would draw, and to add fresh force to the import of the sacred text. To him, however, who has never panted beneath the burning sun of Asia, or trod its scorched and glowing soil ; whose eye has never turned upon its cloudless skies, or shot wistfully along its parched and endless deserts, the frequent mention of water and its important uses in the Bible can come but with little weight ; and he alone who has toiled through the privations of India, or writhed beneath the withering sun-



beams of the East, can enjoy in their full richness and luxury the sublime allusions of the Scriptures.

Our view from the summit of the hill was really splendid: beneath us lay the barren, rocky island, with scarce a tree to diversify its monotonous cliffs, and beyond it the broad expanse of the Adalian Gulf, with its countless islands and glittering silvery waves; whilst on either side extended the towering shores of Karamania. Of the ancient city of Megisté the perfect circuit of the walls can still be traced, inclosing a space of nearly half a mile in circumference.

The spot on which it stood, uneven by nature, is now rendered doubly more so by the *debris* of the crumbled city, of which a few cisterns and reservoirs are the only perfect vestiges that remain. All around are discernible traces of the industry of a former race; and in every direction the steps are still distinguishable by which a communication was cut out from one

quarter to another. A few remnants of a fortress are seen above the hill, which has been attributed to the Genoese, or the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; but they are much more probably Turkish, being constructed of small stones, and the Genoese, as Mr. Scoles remarked, always used proper materials in the erection of those edifices which they have left throughout the Levant.

We descended the hill about sunset, and returned to our repast at the coffee-house. As we passed through one of the retired streets, we were surprised to hear the voice of a female issuing from one of the wretched hovels, in tones of sorrow and bewailing. It seemed, however, to attract the attention of no one save ourselves; and our guide, whom we questioned, informed us that it was a widow, whose husband had died some months before, and who was now, according to custom, chanting her daily dirge to his memory; a practice which it is ordinary in the island to continue for twelve

months after the decease of the individual, unless the mourner find a second husband in the interval.

This custom of lamenting for the dead long after the period of dissolution, is of the remotest antiquity; and Esdras mentions that “In all Jewry they mourned for Josiah, and the chief men, with the women, made lamentation for him unto this day; and this was given out for *an ordinance*, to be done by all the nation of Israel.” \*

A few other strangers, chiefly Greeks, from two or three vessels in the harbour, were seated round the door of the coffee-house as we entered, and their songs and laughter formed a most unoriental serenade during our repast. The establishment was a very miserable one; and the credit and custom of the house seemed to be sustained less by the quality of the fare, than the entertainment afforded by the sallies of our

\* 1 Esdras, i. 32.

host, who was one of the liveliest Turks I have ever met with. In the evening, having got a supply of fresh bread and honey, we returned to sleep in our berths on board, having secured a boat to convey us in the morning across the strait to Antiphellus.

The vestiges of this forsaken city are now abandoned to the winds and the beasts of prey. They stretch in loneliness along the deserted beach; and amidst the ruins of lofty walls, proud theatres, and gorgeous temples, a few miserable huts, inhabited by grovelling serfs, alone give life to the scene of desolation. The roadstead in which it is situated, is known by the name of Port Piandouri; and a narrow tongue of land stretching out from the shore, divides the line of the coast into two commodious harbours, called Vathi and Sevedo, at the junction of which the few habitations I have mentioned, now shelter the population of Antiphellus, whilst the fallen edifices and moulder-

ing tombs of their ancestors stretch far along the level shore.

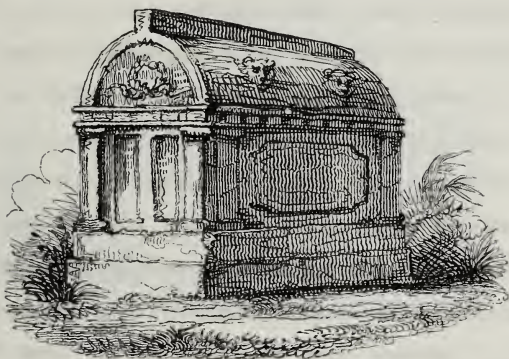
As our boat grounded on the strand, some three or four of them came down to meet us: they appeared poor, and miserable, and naked; but, alas, as Nehemiah said unto Ahasuerus, why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my father's sepulchres, lieth waste? As we drew near to the land, the first objects which were visible were the remnants of the ancient terrace which repelled the sea, and the ruins of a theatre on an eminence above the shore; on coming closer still, the tombs became gradually more and more distinct, whilst their gloomy aspect and melancholy associations served to increase the sombre dreariness of the scene.

On landing, we proceeded first to the examination of these singular, and in many instances beautiful sepulchres. They are principally situated above Port Sevedo, and are formed

out of the rock of the coast, or constructed with materials found on the spot, being a sort of limestone approaching to marble, with a slight yellow tint, save where it has assumed a greyish hue, and the surface has become corroded from the effects of time and the siroccos. They are of two kinds, either built upon the surface, or hollowed from the face of the cliff.

The former are not by any means so numerous as the latter, but are in many instances of extremely elegant design, though the workmanship, especially in the ornaments and mouldings, is by no means equal to the conceptions of the artist. Their form is that of a parallelogram, of seven feet long inside by three feet wide. This is cut from one block of stone, the exterior carved into pilasters and panels to receive inscriptions, many of which are still legible; and we observed a few in which the lower plinth was chiselled from the native rock, which was levelled to receive the superstructure. The coverings, which have, with very few ex-

ceptions, been all removed, were likewise formed from one single block, shaped into a lancet arch, each end decorated with a wreath, and the sides with lions' heads projecting very boldly from the surface.



In some, the two ends are formed like doors with sunk panels, one of which is generally open, by which access has been gained to the interior; and from the holes for hinges and fastenings, there can be no doubt of doors having been once attached to them; but in others no aperture whatever is visible, and the body must have been deposited within ere

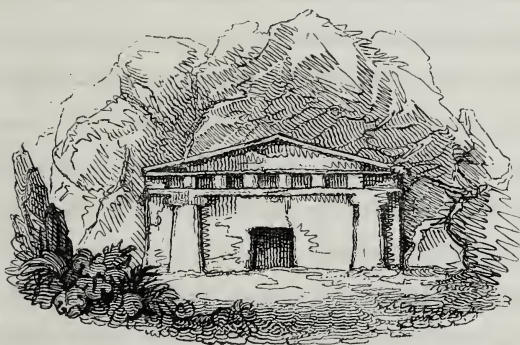


the ponderous roof was placed upon the sepulchre. There does not remain one which has not been violated by the curiosity of Europeans or the avarice of the Moslemin, who expect in such monuments to discover the gold reputed to have been enclosed along with the remains of the deceased; all, without exception, have been opened and plundered of their contents. These repositories of dust are pretty numerous, and in some instances (perhaps those of relatives) are placed side by side; but it does not appear to have been an object to produce a general effect by their location, or to arrange them in streets as at Pompeii, though such a design might perhaps have been rendered impossible by the unevenness of the surrounding soil.

At some little distance from these are the places of sepulture excavated in the cliff, consisting ordinarily of a small chamber with one *or more* divisions for the reception of bodies, and not unfrequently the front of the rock,



above the low entrance to the vault, is formed into a façade, with pilasters and a pediment, the capitals being shaped like the volutes of the Ionic order.



These two species of sepulchres are amply illustrative of the various texts throughout the Bible, which speak of the entombing of the ancients. The first, from their elevation and profusion of ornament, are evidently those referred to in the text, “Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye *build* the tombs of the prophets, and *garnish*

the sepulchres of the righteous ;”\* whilst the low apertures of those which are subterraneous explain the *stooping down* of Mary to look into the sepulchre of Christ.† Their capacious chambers would readily admit of the *entering in* of three or more individuals ; as when Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, entered into the tomb of Jesus, and found a third person sitting.‡ And one of these gloomy apartments would form no unsuitable residence for the maniacs, whom the Saviour met “ *coming out of the tombs*” in the country of the Gergesenes.§

The ranges, too, of depositories for the dust of the dead explain the frequent phrase of one person being buried *beside* another, in the same grave ; as when the old Prophet, returning from entombing the man of God who came from Judah, charges his sons, saying, “ When I am dead, then bury *me* in the

\* Matt. xxiii. 29.

† John, xx. 11.

‡ Mark, xvi. 5.

§ Matt. viii. 28.

sepulchre where the man of God is buried, and let my bones rest *beside* his." \* May not the external architectural embellishments of these excavations likewise serve to illustrate the words of Isaiah, "As he that heweth out a sepulchre on high, and *graveth* an habitation for himself in a rock." †

On the way from the landing-place to the Theatre, we passed some ancient walls of beautiful masonry, and near them, on a rising ground, the site of the ancient city—the Antiphellus of Strabo, and still called by the neighbouring islanders Antiphilo. All around it the ground is partially levelled for the houses, and steps are cut from rock to rock, for the purpose of forming a mutual communication; similar to those of the Pnyx at Athens.

The Theatre is constructed of stone from the spot, the back of the scena fronting the sea, and thus affording to the spectators a prospect of unrivalled magnificence. As usual

\* 1 Kings, xiii. 31.

† Isaiah, xx. 16.

with the Greeks, advantage has been taken of the rising ground to hollow out the retiring seats, and twenty-six of the twenty-seven rows of benches of which it originally consisted still exist almost uninjured; but the proscenium, and the parts connected with the stage, have disappeared, merely a few walls, probably part of a terrace, remaining towards the sea. The whole diameter of the theatre, fronting the scena, was 165 feet, and 36 feet 6 inches that of the orchestra, from whence four passages to the summit of the edifice gave access to each row of seats. These, with the *debris* of some unknown building, a few reservoirs for water, and some crumbling walls, are all that have survived the decay of Antiphellus.

A lofty pedestal rises in the midst of the ruins; but it bears neither effigy nor legend; and from its oblong shape alone we can conjecture that it once supported an equestrian figure: all besides is a blank, a waste, a wilderness. Her port and her harbour are deso-

late: the waves now dash unheeded over the barriers once raised to curb them. Her streets are abandoned to the fox, and her sepulchres are open to the winds. The voice of the multitude is mute; the ceaseless sea alone disturbs her silence; and so deep is the stillness of the scene, that the most trifling sound, the falling of a stone, or the scream of a restless sea-bird, re-echoes far along the solitary shore.

After the delay of a few hours, we regained our boat, and returned to the vessel in the harbour of Castel Rosso. On coming on board, we found all in uproar and confusion. There appeared to have been a general uprising of the Castelorizians against us. The captain had been prevented from purchasing the requisite supplies of water and provisions for his voyage, and Mr. Scoles' servant had been taken in custody to the castle, and imprisoned by the Aga.

The poor fellow was, as I have mentioned before, a native of Lebanon, and though by

religion a Christian, still, by political events, a Turkish subject, and an enemy to the Greeks; from whom, during the visits of their cruisers a few days before, he had been obliged to conceal himself, by exchanging his “coat of many colours” for an English jacket and a large straw hat. It appeared that during Mr. Scoles’ absence he had gone on shore, in order to purchase some fowls and other provisions. Here, by his ignorance of the language, he was discovered not to be a Greek; whilst his professing that he was no Moslem, induced some petty officer beside him to demand his karatsch ticket.

This is a receipt for the annual capitation-tax, paid by all the rayahs of the empire, which they are bound to carry constantly about their person, and produce on demand; or, failing to do so, pay the stipulated sum to the nearest official person. Georgio, as he had been in the service of an Englishman, considered that this form was unnecessary, and had omitted to pro-

cure the necessary document, on which, information was instantly conveyed to the Aga; and as the poor fellow had not a single para to meet the prompt demand of the conscientious Governor, he was thrown into the dungeon of the castle.

Mr. Scoles immediately sent to demand an audience of the Governor; but as he had retired a few moments before to take his siesta, it was some time before we were admitted. We ascended a wooden staircase, or step-ladder, outside the house, and passing through several miserable apartments, not without imminent risk of falling through the decayed flooring, were ushered into the presence of the Aga. He was rather a fine-looking old fellow, though somewhat ferocious; and, at the moment of our entrance, was reclining on one corner of a low divan, in a balcony which overlooked the sea, and commanded a splendid view of the harbour and the adjacent coast. We were attended by a noisy Greek, who



acted as interpreter; and as he had been only an hour before to remonstrate with the old Turk on his barbarity, we found his presence anything but agreeable to the Aga, whose reception of us was cold in proportion.

The room was filled with soldiers and armed attendants; and on the right-hand of the Governor reclined his Secretary, a staid, stately personage, with a sad-coloured jubbee and a crimson turban, his features full of gravity, his pen in his hand, and his long brass *inkhorn* (to use an Hibernicism) stuck in his girdle.\* The Aga motioned us to be seated; but as we chose to transact our business first, we

\* This implement is one of considerable antiquity, it is common throughout the Levant, and we met it often in the houses of the Greeks. To one end of a long brass tube for holding pens is attached the little case, containing the moistened sepia, used for ink, which is closed with a lid and snap, and the whole stuck with much importance in the girdle. This is without doubt the instrument borne by the individual whom Ezekiel mentions as “one man clothed in linen, with a writer’s inkhorn by his side.” Ezekiel, ix. 2.

declined, and Mr. Scoles presented to him the Sultan's firmaun under the protection of which he was travelling. This was evidently an unexpected measure: the secretary raised his eyebrows, examined it attentively, and being assured of its authenticity, first placed it to his own lips with reverence, and then handed it to the old man, who performed the same ceremony; after which it made the circuit of the room, being fervently saluted by each individual.

There was now no difficulty in procuring Georgio's liberation: he was presented to his master at once with a thousand apologies for his detention, which the Aga assured us would never have occurred had he known to whom he had the honour to belong. We next attempted to reconcile him to the Captain, but in this our efforts were of no avail; Androcopoulo had, it seems, insulted him, by his overbearing carriage; he vowed that he should not carry off an okka of flesh, or even cup of water from the

island, and he kept his word. In the old gentleman's vehemence he forgot his usual Turkish politeness, and we were offered neither the accustomed sweetmeats, pipes, or coffee, which are invariably presented to strangers; but as we were in no humour for adhering to punctilios, having settled our business we made a bow and retired.

We had, however, to return the same evening for the purpose of claiming his interference in another matter. We had paid the boatmen who took us to the ruins in the morning two gold pieces of fourteen piastres each, instead of two of ten, and the scoundrels refused to refund the difference. In this affair, however, his Highness was not so complying as on the former occasion: he decided, without assigning any reason, in favour of the Greeks, and it was only two days after that we learned that the boat had been his own, and he himself had pocketed the fraudulent sum out of which they had tricked us.

Matters being now arranged, the commander of the *Madonna de Tunisa* prepared to get under weigh for Cyprus. Our luggage we transferred to the *Caffé* on the beach, and we then returned to bid adieu to our travelling companions. The day was closing, and as we sat in the little cabin, the sailors came down one by one to cross themselves and repeat a prayer before the image of the Virgin; on their returning upon deck, we heard them singing their vesper hymn as they slowly hove up the anchor, shook out the sails, and prepared to bear away. All was ready, and we rose to depart: Captain Panagies Androcopoulo insisted on our taking with him a parting cup of coffee, and a *petit verre* of rosoglio, then kissing our hands and wishing us a *buon viaggio*, we shoved off and saw him no more.

Having no farther object to detain us in the impoverished island, we were now anxious for the arrival of a vessel which would convey us to one of the Cyclades, whence we might be

able to procure a passage to Milo, and thence to Malta. This, however, we long looked for in vain: day after day passed on, and we had already been a week at Castelorizo, ere the wished-for opportunity occurred, and even then it was only in a mystico of about thirty tons burthen, that we could engage a passage to Santorin, where she was going for the purpose of procuring wine and other commodities. During the interval whilst she was employed in completing her preparations for sea, we had wandered with our guns over the entire island, and occasionally a few quails or partridges rewarded our toil, but our walks were never repaid by the discovery of any remains of antiquity, or any new points of attraction. Our time we spent chiefly in lounging with a book along the rocks, or in reclining on some beetling cliff, looking down upon the dark blue sea and the distant sails, or gazing on the ruins of Antiphellus. At evening we returned to the miserable *caf-*

*fenes*, and, after chattering with the loungers about the door, retired to spread our cloaks in a corner and enjoy an hour of uncertain rest, for the mosquitoes rendered it any thing but sleep or refreshment. Amongst the crowd of the natives we met no one individual endowed with more than ordinary intelligence: all were stupid and ignorant in the last degree; their only accomplishment card-playing, or firing at a mark, and their only knowledge a string of fabulous legends connected with the isles of the Archipelago.

Under these circumstances we heard with no small pleasure the announcement of the approaching departure of the mystico, and, taking our places along with half a dozen fellow-passengers, we had but few regrets on bidding farewell to Castelorizo.

The weather was most annoyingly calm and beautiful, our useless sail hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and our only progress was made

by the assistance of our oars, at which, however, exertion was almost impossible, owing to the dazzling heat of the sunbeams. We crept slowly and tediously along, now impelled by the currents, and again gently urged onwards by the cool breeze of evening. The spirits of the company were chiefly kept alive by the efforts of two individuals, one a Naxiot, who had been a waiter in the *café* we had left, and another a Hydriot sailor, with a broken nose, whom his companions had named the Archduke Constantine, in allusion to the brother of the Emperor Nicholas, whose royal countenance labours under a similar demolition.

The Naxiot had a fine flow of sparkling spirits, and an admirable voice, and the intervals not enlivened by his songs were filled up by the witticisms of the noseless buffoon; and even during the night we were often awakened from our fitful sleep by the noise and laughter which they excited. The owner of



the mystico was a native of San Nicolo, a town in Santorin, a man of middle age, whose life had been spent in the same occupation in which we found him employed, namely, trading in wine, cottons, honey, and wax, from isle to isle of the Ægean.

On the evening of the third day we passed the southern point of Rhodes, keeping close in by the shore, as the Karavi Kyrios wished to catch some fish in order to recruit his provisions, which were rapidly disappearing. His apparatus consisted of several hooks, attached at intervals along a deep line : one of these he baited with bread, and the first fish caught was cut up into morsels in order to bait the remainder.

The water was remarkably clear, and the sport not very good ; but, nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he succeeded in taking as many as furnished our supper and breakfast ; a fire was struck on the gravel, with which the

boat was ballasted, and the cooking took little more preparation than the procuring of our provisions. The fish were all small, perches being the largest caught, but the brilliancy of their metallic colours, crimson, purple, and glowing amber, I have never seen equalled, nor was their flavour inferior to their beauty.

Towards twilight, on the day we approached Santorin, a large vessel was dimly discernible, passing towards Milo, and although she was almost hull-down in the distance, the sailors immediately pronounced her to be the *Cam-brian*, which she proved to be. On inquiring the means of this singularly accurate recognition, they replied, that she was the only one of the British vessels that had black, or as they called them, Greek masts. This colour is, however, by no means unfrequent amongst the crafts of the Levant; they often remind one of the "black ships" of Homer, and one of the most popular of the modern Greek songs is a ballad concerning

## THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.

A stately vessel cleft the tide  
 That rolls by steep *Kassandra's*\* side.  
 Her gloomy sails of raven black†  
 Flung darkling shadows on her deck,  
 And at her bending mast there flew  
 A pennon of cerulean blue.

Far down the stormy bay she met  
 Athwart her course a swift corvette,  
 Which, forging through the swelling flood,  
 Bore high Mohammed's flag of blood,  
 And as she drew th' Albanian near,  
 Her haughty summons meets his ear.

“ Down helm, ye slaves, swing every sail  
 “ To face unmoved the opposing gale.”  
 “ We halt not,” was the quick reply,  
 “ Whilst yonder breeze careers the sky,  
 “ One swelling sail we ne'er will check,  
 “ Whilst men and swords array our deck.

\* *Kassandra* is a promontory of Thessaly, at the entrance of the Bay of Salonika.

† Μαύρου καράβι ἐπλεε 'σ τὰ μέρη τῆς Κασσάνδρας  
 Μαῦρα πανιά τὸ σκέπαζαν καὶ τ' οὐρανοῦ παντιέρα.

*Fauriel*, vol. i. p. 14.

“ And deem’st thou us affianced girls,  
 “ Or maids bedeck’d with bridal pearls,  
 “ That we should crouch to empty words,  
 “ Or yield to thee Albanian swords ?  
 “ Our chief contemns thy proud Pacha,  
 “ ’Tis Stathos lord of Agrafa.—

“ But hold, my mates, your deck swift clear,  
 “ And bear upon the Moslem’s rear ;  
 “ We’ll teach the craven crouching slave  
 “ How keen is an Albanian glaive,  
 “ Till every wave with crimson hue  
 “ Shall tinge its iridescent blue.\*

Scarce died the words when quickly now  
 The fiery chiefs lie prow by prow,  
 And Stathos bursting on his board,  
 Rush’d hand to hand, and sword to sword ;  
 The Othman’s blood flow’d o’er the side,  
 Red mingling with the foaming tide,  
 And slow his last long sigh he drew,  
 ’Midst dying shouts of Alla Hu !†

\* Iridescent. On a calm day in the Mediterranean, the rays of the sun deeply refracted in the dark blue waves, give them all the appearance of the changing and iridescent hues of mother of pearl.

† Ἄλλα ! Ἄλλα ! οἱ ἄπιστοι κράζοντες προσκυνοῦνε.—

*Fauriel.*

## LETTER IX.

Ἀγλήτην Ἀναφὴν τε Λακωνίδι γείτονα Θηρσ.

*Callimachus.*

## ANAPHE, SANTORIN, &amp;c. &amp;c.

OFF ANAPHE.—Go on shore.—Onions in the Levant.—Reference to the Israelites.—Inhabitants of Nanfio.—ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.—Put to Sea.—Particulars of the History of SANTORIN.—Its volcanic Origin, and ancient Names.—Derivation of its modern Appellation.—Singular account of the formation of Hiera, and the other Islands in the Bay of Santorin.—Traditions of the Sailors.—VROUKOLAKOS or VAMPIRES.—Whence the word is derived.—Account of the Superstition.—Its probable Origin.—STORY OF ALEXANDER THE VAMPIRE.—HISTORY OF JEANNETTI ANAPLIOTTIS.—STORY OF DEMETRIO GKIKA.

NIGHT was closing in around us as we passed the narrow strait between Nanfio and Anaphe Poulo, a little rock to the south of

the former. Santorin was directly before us ; our rowers were fatigued with the day's exertions, and were leaning listlessly on the benches, or mechanically touching the shining water with their oars, whilst the current alone was bearing us slowly and placidly along towards our destination. A few fishing boats were plying about the shores, and the evening smoke was gently curling above the white cottages of Nanfio. The night breeze had not yet sprung up, and the Karavi Kyrios resolved, whilst waiting its approach, to pull towards the island, from which we were only about half an hour distant. We made fast the mystico by the beach, and walked along the strand to a cottage at some distance, on an eminence which sloped down to the sea. Here we procured some bread, milk, and leeks, which latter are more abundant at Nanfio than at any other island of the Archipelago. Throughout the Levant, however, both onions and leeks are a much more plentiful and delicious vege-

table than with us ; they have by no means the rank pungent flavour so disagreeable in those of the North ; and either raw or dressed, form a favourite delicacy with the Greeks and the Moslemin, the Kebabs of the one and almost all the dishes of the others, being seasoned with them. I do not know how far this description may apply to those on the banks of the Nile ; but if they are at all comparable to those of the Levant, it is by no means surprising that the Israelites in the desert should remember with regret, “ the leeks, the onions, and the garlic of Egypt.”\*

The cottage at which we stopped seemed particularly neat ; but its male owners, who advanced to meet us, were firmly opposed to our entrance. They brought us the provisions we solicited with readiness and civility ; and though they refused to take any remuneration, we could readily perceive that their wish was rather to get rid of, than to oblige us.

\* Numbers c. xi. v. 5.



This feeling towards strangers is universal throughout the islands, and arises from the barbarities inflicted by the pirates and Corsairs on the inhabitants of those exposed and defenceless spots, and though this state of affairs has been of late in a great degree ameliorated, the impression of suspicion still lurks in the minds of the islanders.

Nanfio was originally called Membliaros, and its more ordinary name of Anaphe (of which the modern appellation is a corruption) was given to it by the Argonauts, in consequence, it is said, of its suddenly "appearing" above the waters during a tempest, in which they were caught when returning from Colchis. The night was too dark for us to observe whether it still retains traces of its volcanic origin, but this fable of the Argonauts would seem to arrogate for it a similar claim to that of Delos, Santorin, and others, which have been the produce of intestine fires.

Some fallen columns, the ruins of a temple to Apollo, are said still to be discernible on one of its cliffs ; and a chapel to the Virgin of the reeds, (Παναγία Καλαμιοτισσα,) on the summit of another, is one of the most interesting objects in the island. Partridges are still to be found in abundance, though a former edict of the elders, enjoined the annual destruction of their eggs at Easter, as their number was so vast as to prove prejudicial to the scanty crops produced by the sterile soil of the island.\*

About nine o'clock we again loosed off, and put once more to sea with the certainty, as far as distance was concerned, of reaching Santorin ere sunrise. Our merry companions, delighted at the termination of their toil, kept up their noisy mirth during the entire night with so much enthusiasm, that in our own defence we were forced to discard all thoughts of sleep, and join in their boisterous rejoicings. Their

\* Tournefort.

conversation of course turned chiefly on the island to which we were going; and the tale of its mysterious origin, and abandonment to supernatural beings, was recounted with “fearful accuracy and trembling truth” by the sailors and the captain, who seemed fully versed in all the legends of his native isle. Milo, Delos, Anaphè, and other parts of the Archipelago, owe their existence to volcanic agency, whilst Santorin is the only spot that has *suffered* and been hurried to the verge of ruin by its terrific influence.

The island formerly called Thera, and more anciently still Kalistè, or “The Lovely,” has been from the earliest period the sport of subterranean convulsions; and from its liability to these frightful vicissitudes, or from some superstitious traditions connected with them, was once known throughout the Cyclades by the appellation of the Isle of Demons. Its present name of Santorin, or Saint Erini, is said to have been conferred upon it by one of the Lower Em-

perors in honour of St. Irene, the daughter of a Macedonian prefect,\* but at what period it changed its designation is not correctly known, though long before the time of Richard it had been called in the most ancient documents of the islanders, *Νησος της Ἀγίας Εἰρήνης*, and the earliest letters of the Latin missionaries were dated *ex insula S'tæ Irenes*.

The form of the island was originally circular, till in the year 237 B. C. during the first commotion of the volcano, a gulf burst open, or rather sunk away from the centre, causing an aperture towards the north-west, by which the sea rushed in and formed the present har-

\* Such is the origin of the name of Santorin given by Richard the Jesuit in his "Relation de l'Isle de St. Erini," but it strikes me that the Latins have taken advantage of the first syllable to coin for themselves an ecclesiastical derivation. And in fact their bungling account of the saintly lady referred to, confirms it. The derivation is evidently the same with that of almost all the other islands; the ancient name was *Θηρα*, from which *εἰς τὴν Θηραν*, *Στανθηραν*, *Σαντηραν*, *Σαντοριν*.

bour, if an abyss as yet unfathomed may be entitled to that name. Two little islands at the mouth of the opening towards the Ægean, called Therasia and Aspronise, still remain to indicate the ancient shape of the dismembered Thera. During several succeeding centuries, the same fearful cause has been gradually producing equally important results; one by one, three other islets have risen from the hollow of the gulf, and so late as 1711, the last, called Mikra Kaumenè, rose above the waters of the bay, attended by flames of sulphurous fire, bursts of smoke, earthquakes and intestine thunder, whilst the trembling inhabitants stood upon the towering cliffs around to mark the portentous birth of a new Delos.

The present port can only be considered as the crater of an extinguished volcano, its waters sink to an unmeasured depth at a few inches from the shore, and the boats of the fishermen are either fastened to rings in the cliffs, or hauled high up upon the beach. Its

aspect reminds one of the scene where Sadak discovered the dark waters of oblivion. All around it rise black and frowning precipices of calcined rock, which in some places tower to an elevation of three hundred feet, and down these the inhabitants have been forced to hew out a passage from their villages to the sea. It is in the vicinity of this gloomy spot alone that traces are found of the former ravages of the flames: the remoter parts of Santorin are verdant and beautiful and uninjured, whilst, like all the districts exposed to similar visitations, their fertility is beyond example rich and productive.

Our companions related to us numerous traditions of Santorin, and each had some marvellous tale of ships from whose anchors the earth had suddenly sunk away; of fishermen whose lines in well-known spots had ceased to reach the bottom; of caiques that had split on rocks whose previous existence was unknown; of fires that shot at midnight from the cliffs;



of waves that rolled wreathed with smoke along the shore, during the coldest tempests; of ships whose pitch ran melting from their seams amidst the scalding waves; of noises heard beneath the earth like the distant din of battle; of children who had been suffocated with sulphurous fumes as they slept in the shade upon rocks; and of spirits that haunted the cliffs, and rendered Santorin more truly the Isle of Demons than the Isle of Peace. (Εἰρηνη.)

The grand interest of these narratives, however, seemed to arise from Santorin being the chosen abode of the Vroukolakos,\* or Vampires of the Cyclades. This popular superstition, which varies from the vampire tales of Hungary, in the demons being merely attached to

\* The real signification of the word Βρουκολακος seems to be unknown. Tournefort considers it to mean *corruption* from Βρουκος, *putrid slime*, and λακος, *a ditch*, but this interpretation seems discordant from the general tenor of the superstition, which only holds, when the body remains *unaltered* and *fresh*. It may be merely a figurative term to imply disgust and loathing abhorrence.



mischief and not addicted to blood, \* supposes the evil spirit to enter into the lately deceased body of his victim after interment and reanimating it, to visit the houses of his former friends, inflicting on them the bitterest torments and unceasing injury.

In this case the only effectual remedy is to disinter the carcass of him who is supposed to be Vroukolakos, and the confirmation of the fact depends on its being found with the flesh undecayed, and the blood still bright and fluid in the veins. An exorcism is then performed for the dislodgement of the demon, and should this prove ineffectual, the heart is next torn out and consumed, or the body, cut into several pieces, is burned at different quarters of the shore, and its ashes strewn upon the winds and the sea. The origin of this belief, or rather its locality in Santorin, may arise from the antiseptic

\* "See Dissertations sur les Apparitions, des Anges, &c. Et sur les revenans et Vampires." By *Aug. Calmet*, 8vo. Paris, 1746.

nature of the soil, for Father Richard the Jesuit, in his relation *De l'Isle de S'te. Erini*, mentions among other facts, that the remains of the dead are not unfrequently discovered long after burial, fresh and unfaded as at the moment of interment, with the exception of being swollen and inflated, but this, he shrewdly remarks, is attributed to the effects of clerical excommunication\* rather than the influence of demons. This opinion, he says, is universal throughout Greece, and the priests even add to the form of episcopal denouncement, the anathema καὶ μετὰ τον θάνατον ἄλυτος καὶ ἀπαράλυτος “after death may his body be undissolved and unchanging;”† “and,” adds the

\* This belief in the power of excommunication to retard the decay of those who suffer under its ban, is not confined to the Greeks alone, but is prevalent in numerous Roman Catholic countries.—See *Calmet's Dissertations*, &c.

† The precise periods of *anti-putrefaction* are likewise indicated by the Greek ritual, which marks the exact intervals allotted to a schedule of crimes of deeper or less flagrant dye.

Jesuit, “ for the same reason the people who *often see* bodies in this fearful state, tremble at the denunciation of a priest, as though he were a Patriarch of power.

From this antiseptic quality of the soil, and the frequent discovery of undecayed carcasses, must have evidently arisen the superstition of the Vroukolakos ; and throughout every island we find some tradition of the demon, or some legend of his barbarous enormities. All, however, are not equally vicious, and one of the tales of Santorin, relates to a shoemaker called Alexander, who inhabited the town of Pyrgos, and whose reanimated corpse was employed only in acts of kindness and affection.

Some days after his decease he was seen returning to his house, frequenting the walks to which he had been accustomed, and casting wistful looks upon his family. In a short time he proceeded to occupy himself in his former pursuits ; during the day, he kept his wonted seat, employed in mending the papooshes of his

wife and children ; in the morning he went to raise water from the cistern, and at evening he returned laden with firewood from the hills. Innocent as his habits were, they excited the terror of the populace ; his grave was opened, and his body consumed ; and the power of the demon being thus destroyed, the unfortunate Alexander returned no more to Pyrgos.

But the most renowned Vroukolakos of Santorin was Jeannetti Anapliottis, whose tale is quaintly related by old Richard. Jeannetti was one of the most unmerciful usurers in the Archipelago, and there were few of his fellow islanders who had not suffered from his rapacity and avarice. As he verged towards the grave, however, his overloaded conscience began to oppress him with its galling burthen, and as his limbs grew weak and his eyes waxed dim, the spectres of the crimes he had committed began to haunt him in the darkness of declining life. By the advice of a priest he was induced to set apart a portion of his sin-

purchased wealth, for the purpose of making restitution to those whom he had wronged; and to proclaim, throughout the fifteen villages of Santorin, that instant reparation would be made to all who should advance their claims.

Without delay the residence of the usurer was beset by clamorous hosts of injured clients, and month after month was consumed in adjusting the pretensions of each, and disbursing the sums of which they had been wronged, but in the midst of his arrangements death stepped in to close the books of Anapliottis for ever. Ere he expired, however, he charged his wife, to whom he bequeathed the residue of his gold, to complete the good work which he had commenced, and never to dream of desisting whilst a creditor was unsatisfied, or a *mahmoudi* remained in her coffers.

But, the burthen of remorse did not press so deadly on the conscience of the lady as it had done on that of her lord; for a few weeks she satisfied all who came, but as her funds waxed low

and lovers pressed around her, she began to make a *selection* amongst her claimants, distributing justice merely to her friends at first, and finally withdrawing *in toto* even from these, and abandoning herself to the society of her gallants. The spirit of Jeannetti was not, however, to be so readily imposed upon : scarcely had his faithless fair one desisted from the execution of her vow, when the livid corpse of her husband was seen parading the streets of Emborio, his well-known turban wound clumsily around his mouldy brow, and his greasy jubee flung carelessly over his withered shoulders.

He roamed from house to house, and thrust his sepulchral countenance into every chamber ; the most hideous noises accompanied his wanderings ; doors sprung open at his ready touch ; and no article of furniture was too ponderous to be overturned by the lately feeble, but now gigantic grasp of Jeannetti, or rather of the Vampire who inspired his corpse. The boats on the shore were loosed from their mooring ;

the nets of the fishermen were disturbed from their fastenings, and found coiled into ravelled masses into which the wariest perch of Santorin could not find his way; cisterns were broken into, and their contents collecting for months scattered in an hour; cellars were burst open, and the wineskins emptied on the floor; and frequently the husbandmen of the plain, at the base of Mount Elias, would find in the morning one half their vines bled to death in consequence of the incisions made in their bark by the mischievous Vroukolakos.

But what was chiefly remarkable, was that these visitations were solely confined to the dwellings of the friends and suitors of his wife, whilst the families of those whom he had wronged were free from any other annoyance than the terror excited by the fame of his exploits upon others. Night after night did he beset the house of the Signora Anapliottis; in vain she sought to hide herself from his hateful presence; in vain she closed the massy door on his



approach, he had nothing to do but to breathe upon the oiled paper of the windows, and it shrunk shrivelling beneath the unearthly blast, and disclosed the gravelike features of the usurer foaming and jibbering at his faithless spouse.

The powers of the Church were at last forced to interfere, and Madame was recommended to recommence the liquidation of Jeannetti's debts; the expedient was in an instant effectual, and the Vampire returned to his tomb. Charmed with her success, his wife considered that the work was already completed, and her husband laid at rest for ever; but no sooner did she again desist from her business of retribution than the Vroukolakos returned with his noises, threats, and his fearful countenance.

Again the priests were resorted to, but whilst they prepared to exhume and exorcise the body, reparation was made to the last of the injured claimants: the grave of the Vampire was however opened, his still untainted flesh was burned

upon the shore, his spirit was appeased, the demon was expelled, and Jeannetti returned no more from the land of forgetfulness; but, adds his quaint historian, "it is my own private opinion, that the pest was allayed less by interference of the heterodox priesthood, than by the equitable discharge of the miser's engagements."

These traditions are rather antique, but to the present moment the belief is not abandoned in Santorin, and our captain, a steady old man, whom I have before mentioned as a native of the island, informed us of an instance which had occurred to his own knowledge. The father of Demetrio Gkikas, to whom he referred, was a wine-merchant, who lived nigh the plain of Saint Stephen, a district at the south-east of the island, which is remarkable for its fertility, besides being the only landing-place in Santorin at which there is anchorage for ships of burthen.

Demetrio had been brought up to the profession of his father, and till he was sixteen

his time had been exclusively devoted to pruning vines, pressing grapes, and tending the subterranean cellar of his father, which was hollowed out of the rocky cliffs nigh the shore ; occasionally too, he had gone in the mystico, which conveyed the Vino Santo and other produce of the island to Syra and Cyprus ; but with the exception of these excursions, he had never been beyond the bounds of his native isle, or employed in any other service than the tendance of his paternal vineyards.

His betrothed bride was the daughter of a merchant at Acrotiri ; her name was Stefania or Estefania Sessini, and her mother was sister to the father of Demetrio. Their attachment from childhood had been ardent and mutual, and often when the business of the day was done, young Gkika would steal in his shallop along the shore to visit her, or cross off over the hills which separated St. Stephen from the bourg of Acrotiri, to pass the long twilight in wandering round the cliffs with Stefania,

or accompanying her songs on the guitar in the garden. In the summer of 1822, she was to complete her fifteenth year, and Demetrio and she were then to be united in the cathedral at Scauro. In the mean time, his father had agreed to divide his vineyard with his son, and the arrangements were to be completed when Demetrio should return from his next voyage to Tenos.

The mystico was laden as usual with wine, and the young merchant set sail with three companions towards the close of February. The weather was cold and stormy, and it was only on the evening of the second day from their departure, that they reached the south of Naxos. Unsuspicious of danger, they held on their course towards Mycone; the night was pitchy dark, and as morning slowly dawned, the unfortunate islanders were thunderstruck to find themselves but a few miles apart from a Turkish squadron, which was sailing with supplies for the Ottoman garrisons in the south

of the Morea. Their enemies were too near for them to think of escaping, and the Turks gave them but short time for reflection; a gun was fired athwart their bows, and Demetrio was forced to shorten sail, and await the approach of a corvette which made directly towards them. In the course of a few minutes being found to be Greeks, they were conveyed prisoners on board; the mystico was made fast astern of the Turkish vessel, and all proceeded on their way towards Coron and Navarino.

For the first few months after landing at the former city, Demetrio was employed as a slave by his captors, and occupied from morn till night in working at the fortifications, and toiling in the citadel; but at the end of that period, he was sent along with about fifty others, to be occupied in a similar manner at the fortress of Navarino, which was in hourly expectation of a siege by the victorious Greeks who had already reduced Tripolizza and Malvasia.

Nor was the anticipation unfounded; Prince

Ipsylanti, after the fortunate termination of his attempts in the heart of the Morea, dispatched Tipaldo, one of his bravest companions, to the assault of Navarino, which was invested in the beginning of June. Notwithstanding the precautions of the Turks, the Greeks had arrived ere the garrison was yet fully supplied with provisions; and the Seraskier, after some brave but ineffectual sallies against the assailants, was forced to retire to the castle, and act solely upon the defensive.

Here, as the approach of famine was every hour becoming more appalling, one of the first measures of the commander was to order the execution of the prisoners, in order to diminish the number of consumers of their now scanty store. Upwards of one hundred were accordingly butchered on the walls in sight of their friends without; some ten or twelve, amongst whom was Demetrio, saved their lives by abjuring their faith; and one or two alone escaped, by leaping into the *fosse*; and flew to inform

Tipaldo of the distress of the garrison, and the apostacy of Gkika and his unfortunate companions.

More politic than brave, the wretched Demetrio had reconciled himself to this degrading alternative, by the reflection that his apparent abjuration was authorised by necessity ; that it was merely nominal, as he was still a Christian at heart ; and that he could return to the true Church as soon as fortune would consent to favour his escape. But it was contemplated with far other eyes by his bigoted countrymen ; and whilst the Ottomans were doomed to destruction, the renegade Greeks were marked out for *double* vengeance. In the mean time, the blockade was vigilantly observed by Tipaldo ; and the devoted Seraskier and his followers prepared with firmness to meet their slowly-advancing but inevitable fate.

During this long interval the distracted family of Demetrio awaited in vain his arrival ; day after day did Stefania ascend the cliffs of



Acrotiri, to watch with wistful eyes the first glimpse of his snowy sail emerging from behind the promontories of Nio, and night after night did she kindle on the steep the wonted fire,

To hail the bark that never must return.

The caiques that had sailed long, long after Demetrio, had all come back from Tinos, but none could bring tidings of the truant boy ; whilst his father fondly hoped, yet feared to hope, that he had only altered his intention, and steered for the more distant port of Syra. But boats soon came from Syra, likewise, and still there were no accounts of his son. Week after week passed on amidst mingled fears and hope, but when one month had slowly succeeded to another, and still he came not,

Hope grew to doubt, and doubt soon sickened to despair.

At last the dread intelligence arrived, that he, in whom so many cares were centered, had ceased to be one of his nation and his church ;

that Demetrio, their adored Demetrio, was an apostate, a renegade, a moslem ; leagued with their foes, and marked for slaughter by their friends. The father of Demetrio soon sank beneath the accumulation of shame and sorrow thus heaped at once upon him. He was buried by the chapel of Missaria, and as no Turk was permitted to dwell on or hold property in the island, his farm, the inheritance of his wretched child, devolved upon his distant relatives.

But shame, nor sorrow, nor apostacy, had wrought any change in the breast of Stefania ; the dangers of her lover had aroused all the energies of her attachment, and she loved him the more dearly for the very hatred with which others looked upon his name. In *her* breast, hope had not yet been extinguished ; he still lived, and she knew not but that Heaven might yet enable him to return to his unhappy home ; and even there, were he to be shunned by all the world, still *her* heart was like his own, unaltered ; and, abandoning the rest of mankind,

they might fly together to some safe retreat, sacred only to love, and far from the tongue of shame, or the breath of infamy.

But the views of Sessini were far different ; and he absolutely started with horror, when he heard his daughter express a hope for the safety of Demetrio, and his speedy return to claim her. “ She, Stefania, *his* child, the wife of an Ottoman ! No, never : all bonds between them were now dissolved for ever by his apostacy ; his name was blasted, his family was dishonoured, his possessions were estranged ; henceforth Stefania must learn to forget him.” But that was a task more easily enjoined than accomplished ; the unhappy girl, however, simulated obedience, whilst her heart was bursting ; and yet the smile that sometimes shone upon her lip, was less the effect of effort than the dim sunshine of a distant hope that would still beam across her mind and support her sinking affections.

In the mean time the siege of Navarino was

fast drawing to a close: the vigilance of Tipaldo had baffled numerous efforts of the Turks at Coron to throw fresh supplies into the beleaguered city; and day by day the provisions of the soldiery vanished, till at length the last ounce of biscuit was consumed, and the horses of the Seraskier were slaughtered to furnish the mess of the citadel. In turn, every living animal within the walls was killed to supply the cravings of famine; and at length, as a last resource, the papoushes of the soldiers were boiled and gnawed in an agony of famine by the starving but resolute Moslemin. Too weak even to sustain the weight of their sabres, alone, to wield them with their wonted bravery, the gasping soldiers lay stretched in dying struggles around the gates they were left to guard, whilst their expiring leader sat with his few unbending warriors on the battlements of the castle to await the moment of death.

The Greeks, at this awful crisis, were frantic

at once with the intelligence of their recent victories in the Morea, and the news of the slaughter of their Patriarch at Stamboul, and the violation of their churches throughout the kingdom. Tipaldo, wearied with the protracted and inactive siege, prepared for one vengeful and decisive measure. He resolved on making a final and vigorous assault on the walls, whilst he rightly judged that the infidels had no longer energy remaining to defend them. Previously, however, to taking such a step, he dispatched a herald to propose to the governor terms of surrender. The Seraskier dismissed the offer with scorn, expressing his resolution to die amidst the walls he could not save; but as the embassy was about to leave the city, some weaker wretches, mad with the pangs of hunger, agreed to listen to the offer of the Greeks, and throw open their gates, on the terms of their lives being spared, and being permitted to retire to Coron. Tipaldo readily

complied with their stipulation ; and the same evening the city surrendered, and the triumphing Greeks were received within the walls.

Struck with the heroic defence of the Seraskier, the Grecian General treated him with kindness and distinction ; his few remaining companions were supplied with food ; and during the short period which intervened between the capitulation and the arrival, in the harbour, of some Hydriot vessels, which were to convey the poor emaciated creatures to Modon, each party seemed inclined to observe the items of the treaty. But it was in vain that the apostates attempted to claim a friendly recognition from their conquerors ; they were spurned with insult, and told that they must prepare to be dispatched to Modon, there to participate in the future fortunes of their adopted friends. Remonstrances, tears, and entreaties, were in vain ; and they at length embarked in the Greek vessels along with their fellow-soldiers.

It was sunset when Demetrio went on board, and after a scanty supper, he lay down to rest on the under-deck of the Hydriot. About midnight, however, he was aroused by the noise of hurrying feet and boisterous voices above him, and an instant after a sailor came down to order him on deck.

There he found five others of his companions, who had, along with him, embraced Islamism ; they were all that remained from the original number. The Turks were now aroused from their slumbers, plundered of their arms, stripped one by one, and ordered to descend into the boats along-side. Demetrio beheld with terror preparations which he could not well comprehend, but his doubts were all turned to frightful certainty, when he saw the first boat push off from the side, and, gaining a little distance from the ship, the Greeks commenced the work of slaughter. The miserable and defenceless wretches were instantly butchered ; the gloom of midnight prevented him



witnessing their torments, but he heard distinctly the hewing of the sabres, the crashing of the wounds, the screams of the dying, and the plunges of the mangled bodies, as, one by one, they were flung into the deep. Time after time the murderers returned and carried off fresh victims, till all were destroyed; when the leader of the massacre, approaching the trembling band of renegades, directed them to step into the boat which awaited them.

With screams the devoted wretches besought their infuriated destroyers for mercy, and pleaded but a week, an hour's delay. The Hydriot cast upon them a mingled glance of scorn and pity, and briefly observing, that *death* was a boon too valuable to be conferred on *them*, ordered them instantly to descend over the side; whilst, at the same time, an expressive look reminded the rowers that they knew their duty. Demetrio took his seat in the bloody stern of the boat, which shoved off without delay; he then informed the seaman

beside him of his name and family, and offered to reward him handsomely if he would only spare his life; the man returned him no reply, but continued to ply lustily his oar. The boat had now pulled farther from the beach than on any preceding instance, and with straining eyes the wretches within were watching every movement of the seamen, to mark the moment when the work of destruction should begin. The crew, however, rowed on in silence, and they had already gained a mile from the shore, when they headed a little to the right and steered direct for Sphacteria, an uninhabited rock at the mouth of the bay. Here they ran the boat aground, and directing the prisoners to disembark, again put off, leaving them to perish with hunger on the island.

Dreadful as was the alternative, it was still a relief from the sensations of the last half hour, with the instant anticipations of savage murder. Demetrio seated himself on the beach,

whilst his heart felt as if expanding gradually from some unnatural compression ; yet still his mind was not at rest ; his enemies were still near him, and he felt persuaded they were only gone for a moment, in order to return for the perpetration of some new enormity. He seated himself upon a rock, with his gaze intently bent upon the waters of the bay ; and as the first light was dawning in the east, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of the squadron bearing away from the harbour. Still, however, escape was a matter of as great difficulty as before ; he was distinctly within view of the town and the fortress, and, as he was now perfectly sensible that he and his companions were landed on the island with the intention that they should perish by hunger, he knew that their movements would be sedulously watched by the garrison.

During the two first days of his exposure, his sufferings were beyond description dreadful. It was the month of August, and not a single tree

rose on the deserted isle which might shelter the dying wretches from the scorching sunbeams, and not one drop of water sprung amidst the glowing rocks to quench their ceaseless and intolerable thirst ; whilst all the writhing pangs of gaunt insatiate famine were raging within them. The beach was soon piled with the carcasses of their late companions, which came floating in from the shore where they had been flung into the sea ; and, as these began to decompose in the heat of the glaring sun, the air grew weighty with the fearful stench. Demetrio bore up courageously under all these accumulated miseries: one by one he saw his comrades fall before him, and at length, on the morning of the third day, he sat upon the hideous rock, the last sad survivor of the immolated garrison.

Weak and almost expiring, hope had not yet totally abandoned him ; and he knew, that if he could only gain the opposite shore, which was little more than a mile distant from his prison, he would have no difficulty in reaching the

fortress of Modon, and thence effecting his escape to Santorin.

Feeble and emaciated as he was, he fancied that he had still strength remaining sufficient to swim the narrow strait which separated him from the shore. He descended to the beach, and plunging into the waters, found, that though he could not bring a drop of the briny fluid to his lips, his thirst was appeased by the cool immersion of his limbs. It was, however, still too light to attempt the passage of the harbour ; he returned to his rock, and having waited till near midnight, he again stripped off his superfluous apparel, and committing himself to the sea; struck out leisurely towards the distant strand. Fatigue soon overcame him, but turning on his back, he lay floating and motionless, till gathering strength enabled him to proceed. Thus, alternately advancing and pausing to recruit his exhausted powers, he continued to proceed by slow degrees, till, some hours ere morning's dawn, he succeeded in reaching the rocky coast.

Fortunately, the spot where he landed was covered profusely with oranges and wild fig-trees, and, securing a quantity of the fruit, he hastened to conceal himself in the clefts of the rocks upon the beach, till coming darkness should favour his flight to Modon.

The news of the surrender of Navarino soon spread over the Cyclades, nor was it long in reaching Santorin; but whilst all hearts and all tongues were loud and fervent in their joy upon the event of a victory, one bosom alone was burning to know the fate of the conquered. The first report was, of course, that the defenders of the fortress were to be marched out in safety, and Stefania felt half rejoiced; but when the dread intelligence arrived of the exasperation of the Greeks, and the murder of their prisoners, in opposition to the will of Tipaldo, the sound fell like a poisonous blast upon her heart: hope, joy, excitement, energy, all died away within her; the fabric of happiness which her imagination had been long years in raising,

crumbled at once to atoms ; her bosom grew a desert ; and her heart sunk, surrounded, like Marius, only by the ruins of her hopes. Time brought no assuagement of her sorrow, and change no grounds for brighter anticipations of the future. For some months she lingered like a spirit around the haunts of her childhood, restless, joyless, and despairing : at eve, she would be seen reclining by the sea-shore, her eyes fixed upon the wave, and her tears falling upon the damp silvery sand ; and at morning, as the early fisherman was descending to the strand, he would often find Stefania seated on one of the giant cliffs, with her lustreless eye, pale cheek, and fading form, seeming like a withering flower on the verge of the precipice. Day after day she lingered on in suffering and silence ; whilst her spirits, her beauty, her strength, all, save her memory, were ebbing fast away ; and ere that summer was concluded, which was to have witnessed her nuptials, the



garlands prepared for her bridal were hung upon her tomb.

“ But a few days had elapsed from her interment when Demetrio arrived at Santorin. He had succeeded in reaching Modon, had sailed in a Turkish cruiser to Smyrna, and thence returned by Syra and Tenos to his native island. As he stepped on shore at Phira, every eye encountered him with abhorrence; he found that even those on whose friendship he had most firmly calculated shrunk from him with detestation, and the Epitropi, or Elders, suggested in the council a doubt as to the propriety of permitting a Moslem to reside amongst them. This objection was, however, removed by the first act of the renegade, which was to avow his recantation before the bishop and clergy of the island, and perform a lengthened penance for his temporary estrangement.

“ But no expiation was sufficient to wash away the impression of his crime from the minds

of his countrymen. Shunned, despised, and avoided, he wandered an exile in the land of his birth, where every eye was averted, and every door was closed against him. But still the sorrows of Demetrio did not arise from the privation or persecutions of society, proceeding from a cause which his own heart could not totally condemn; they had a deeper and a cureless origin. A short period might remedy the one; but no extent of time itself could ever restore those whom the grave had torn from him; and the forms of his affectionate father and his adored Stefania were ever haunting his imagination, and adding deeper gloom to his distresses.

“For some time,” continued the old man who related the narrative, “he wandered about the shores of St. Stephen and the promontory of Acrotiri, and was occasionally seen in the church of Pyrgos; but he spoke to and associated with none, nor did he even attempt to reclaim from his relatives the estate of his father. For my own part, I always rather

pitied than blamed him ; and though numbers were of the same feelings with myself, they were deterred, by the fear of his enemies, from showing him either sympathy or kindness. At last, during the winter of 1823, he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and people were the more astonished because his disappearance was at a period when the violence of the weather rendered it impossible for boats to leave the island. The singularity of his departure was spoken of for a time, then all mention of him died away, and at last in a few weeks poor Demetrio was as thoroughly forgotten as if he had never been seen at Santorin. It chanced, however, that one evening, during a tremendous hurricane, which blew over all the Ægean, a boy who had been tending some cotton-plants at the plain of St. Stephen, averred, on his return to Messaria, that he had seen Demetrio seated on a peak of Mount Elias during the storm, and that he had afterwards passed close by him as he was descending the cliff,

near the vineyard of old Gkika. For some days the story was laughed at as improbable, but it was soon confirmed by the united testimony of numerous shepherds and fishermen who had met him at various points of the island, and the bay between Acrotiri and St. Nicholas, and to all of whom it was evident that it could be no living being, but a Vroukolakos whom they had encountered. All were convinced that a vampire had taken possession of the body of Gkika; and this very circumstance was sufficient to assure them that his return to Christianity had been acceptable to the Virgin, since no Vroukolakos was ever known to reanimate the remains of a Latin or a Mahometan. Regret for the cruelty with which they had treated him now inspired every mind; and all set out to discover the body of Demetrio, in order to perform an exorcism above it, and procure rest in the grave for his remains. Their search was however in vain, and day after day they returned disappointed from their

pursuit, which was at last abandoned. But the troubled spirit was not yet appeased. Still at midnight and at early morn the figure of Demetrio was seen upon the summit of the bending cliffs that look down upon the bay, and wandering over the hills nigh his former home; but chiefly he was observed to frequent the grave of Stefania, and the spots around the shore where they had so often wandered together by the calm light of evening. Injury he inflicted on none, and so far from disturbing the repose of the villages, he seemed to fly from the walks of the islanders, nor had any individual been able to approach near him, or break in upon his solitary watchings by the shores. One evening, however, a peasant of Acrotiri had seen Demetrio issue from the burial-ground near the village where Stefania was interred. He looked pale and withered, as one must do returning from the grave; he seemed more dead than alive, and he appeared to Georgio scarce able to descend the pass

down the cliffs to the sea, to which he betook himself. This narrow path led to a shallow cave under the precipice, into which the caiques of the villagers were drawn up during the inclemency of the winter ; and it occurred to the peasant that that spot had not been searched during the pursuit after his remains. The following day he scrambled down the rocks, and entered the cave, and there, as he had anticipated, he found the corpse of poor Demetrio. Like those of all vampires, it was fresh and undecayed,—nay, Georgio said that it was still even warm, and the blood unstiffened ; but oh ! so pale and emaciated, and wasted away, that it was almost impossible to recognize it. All, even those who had doubted it before, were now satisfied of the fact that Gkika was a Vroukolakos : his remains were conveyed in a boat round the island to the little chapel on Therasia, and an exorcism performed above them. He was then interred at Acrotiri, and when you land you will see his grave beside Stefania's. From that

period up to the present, his spirit has returned no more, his memory is no longer detested in Santorin as before, and even those who once censured him for his apostasy, now rather pity his fate and deplore his undeserved misfortunes.”



## LETTER X.

SANTORIN, SIKINO, NIO, &amp;c.

Ios Homeri sepulchro veneranda.—PLIN.

Arrival at Santorin.—Custom of drawing up Ships on the shore, referred to in the Scripture.—Town of San Nicolo.—Castle of Scauro.—Pyrgos.—Appearance of the Island.—Mount Saint Elias.—Produce of Santorin.—Vino Santo.—Volcanic remains.—Fare in the Islands.—Lentils.—Jacob's pottage.—Our host.—The women of Santorin.—(Greek ballad, *THE FAREWELL OF THE KLEFT.*)—Volcanic Islands in the Harbour.—NEA KAUMENE.—PALÆO KAUMENĒ.—HIERA.—Arrival of a Greek Ship of War.—Departure.—Gregorio's theory of dreaming.—Its Application.—Accident on Board.—A Greek Surgeon.—The Vessel.—Noise of the Crew.—Greek names for Cards.—Captain's ignorance of Navigation.—LEVANTINE COMPASS.—SIKINO.—Distribution of the Islands under the Turkish Government.—Nio.—The burial place of Homer.—Fare on Board.—Evening in the Ægean.—Punishment of a Pirate Ship.—A SQUALL.—Illustration of a passage in the Eighteenth Chapter of Kings.—Dinner on Board.—Custom of pouring water on the hands of guests.

MORNING was breaking ere the old man had concluded his story, and as the sun rose

slowly from the sea, we found ourselves within a few miles of Acrotiri. We rounded the promontory, passed between Therasia and Hiera, and finally came to an anchor at the bottom of the cliffs below the town of San Nicholo. Here a number of other craft were drawn up upon the beach, and made fast to the rocks; for this custom, alluded to by Homer,\* still prevails in almost every isle of Greece. This fact likewise explains the frequent passages in the New Testament referring to the voyages of St. Paul, wherein, at setting sail, no mention is made of *heaving up the anchor*; but there occur such phrases as the following:—"And entering into a ship of Adramytium, *we launched*, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia," (Acts, xxvii. 2); "And when the south wind blew softly," supposing that they had obtained their purpose, "*loosing thence*, they sailed close by Crete," (ib. v. 13); and again, "And when we *had launched from thence*, we

\* Iliad, l. 1. v. 435, et passim.

sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary," (ib. v. 4.)

The little town is built upon the summit of a tremendous precipice, to ascend which, a narrow passage has been cut through the rocks, and this, with another similar at Phira, is the only method of gaining access to the island from the shore. As it was our wish, however, to stay at Pyrgos during our visit, which was recommended on account of its beautiful as well as central situation, the owner of the mystico readily sent round his boat to land us at a convenient place. We rowed round the bay beneath towering masses of black and calcined rocks which rise frightfully from the verge of the sea, and in a short time passed the ruined villa and chateau of Scauro.

This wild and romantic castle, perched on the brink of a giddy precipice, was once the residence of the Dukes of Naxos, when Santorin was a portion of their dynasty ; but since the submission of Giacomo Crispo, the last Duke,

to Selym the Second, its walls have been uninhabited except by priests and peasants, and its courts untrodden save by slaves. It once, our boatmen informed us, supported a bell, whose tone was heard from end to end of the island, and which was always sounded in order to warn the inhabitants of the approach of pirates. On landing below Phira, we toiled up the steep and rocky pathway to the village, where we arrived in about half an hour, and passed on towards the town of Pyrgos.

It is beautifully situated on a gentle eminence, which commands a view of the sea on either side, and a perfect prospect of every quarter of the island. Its houses are much more commodiously built than those in other parts of Santorin, where they are in general mere excavations in the porous rock, to which a front has been built, in order to contain the doorway; and these, from their irregular position on the hills, give them the appearance of dove-cotes rather than of villages. We took

up our quarters in the house of a vine-dresser to whom our guide conducted us, and spent the first two days in paying our visits to the *lions* of the island. These however are rather uninteresting, both in themselves and their association. The ruins of the ancient city of Eleusis, on a mountain at the south, are the most remarkable; yet even these are so mutilated as to be totally unsatisfactory. A few excavated sepulchres, the remnants of a massy wall, and the crushed wreck and broken columns of a temple, are all that remain; the rest is either buried by the accumulating soil, or carried off to supply materials for more modern erections.

The view from Mount St. Elias, to the south of which it was built, is unusually splendid, comprising a wide circuit of the sea, the islands of Sikino and Nio, Amorgo, Astypalæa and Anaphe,—and even Candia, we were informed, might be discerned during favourable weather. As we returned, we passed near Missaria, the

only fountain which Santorin can boast; it was shallow and discoloured, and its streams any thing but well flavoured. The want of firewood and water are, in fact, the two great privations of the island: in consequence of the first, the natives are forced to make constant use of charcoal, which they purchase from Nicaria or Scala Nuova; or consume the slender branches of lentisc, which grow upon Aspronisi; and as they have no constant supply of fuel for their ovens, bread is baked but seldom, and being dried and hardened, it is obliged to be moistened with water ere they can make use of it. The absence of springs forces them to make wine their ordinary beverage; and of this, immense quantities are annually manufactured for their own consumption. But the *Vino Santo*, so celebrated throughout the Archipelago, is their staple commodity, though, to my taste, rather too rich and luscious. It sells in most of the islands at about one penny per bottle, though

at the time of the vintage it is disposed of in Santorin for three or four paras the okka, a measure of nearly a gallon. The quantity exported is almost incredible: Olivier says, one million of okkás, but this seems to be exaggerated; though, when we reflect that the island produces but a small quantity of any other of the necessities of life, and that the natives depend upon their vintage alone for support, it may not appear so very improbable.

It was only towards the northern shores of the bay that we found any volcanic appearances, the southern coast seeming to the present hour uninjured by their influence, though pumice-stone is to be found in abundance even in the vicinity of St. Stephen. Our supper on our return consisted solely of the produce of the island,—a lamb dressed with onions, as usual; salads, the finest I ever tasted, being a vegetable with a thick waxy leaf, called by the natives *lestrida*; and soup made of lentils, for which



Santorin is famous. They are called *apana*, or, in *Lingua Franca*, *favetta*, and are the same, our host informed us, as those with which Jacob made the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright. They certainly are of a reddish tinge when stewed, and so far agree with the passage referred to: "And Esau said to Jacob, feed me, I pray thee, with that same *red pottage*, for I am faint.—Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of *lentils*, and he did eat and drink, and rose up and went his way." (Gen. xxv. 30, 34.) Our dessert was of fresh almonds, so young as to be eaten without peeling off the green husk; grapes, and some rich figs,—all the produce of our entertainer's garden.

The number of the inhabitants in the island are about 8000, of whom a very small proportion are Roman Catholics, the remnant of those converted by father Richard and his Jesuits. All classes are remarkable for their industry, honesty, and religious decorum. Our host was

a perfect, and in fact the only, specimen I ever saw of a sincere Greek devotee: morning, noon, and night was he engaged in his devotions. The lamp before the image of the Virgin in his chamber was never suffered to be one moment untrimmed, for every hour did Gregorio repair to cross himself before it, and mutter again and again the self-same prayer for protection; nor did he ever utter two sentences together without attaching, as a proviso, *μὲ τὴν χάριν τῆς παναγίας* (*with the favour of the Virgin.*)\*

\* This expression of submission is not, however, peculiar to Santorin,—it is common throughout all Greece; and no promise, no hope, no threat, and no engagement is entered into without introducing a clause to provide for the permission of Heaven. Their very songs too, which I have so often quoted as illustrative of their manners, afford numerous examples.

#### THE FAREWELL OF THE KLEFT.

OH, quickly descend from the brow of the mountain,  
And plunge thyself headlong beneath in the fountain,  
Swift, swift, cleave the waves of the dark foaming river,  
Ere the soul of the Kleft has departed for ever.

The women of the island are not naturally handsome, and their clumsy figures are rendered still less so, by their unmeaning costume. Nothing, however, can exceed their

Row on, *with thy breast as a rudder to guide thee*,\*  
 Nor yield till the strand and its rocks are beside thee,  
*And if God and the Virgin shall smile and befriend thee*,†  
 Till thou reachest the heights and the cliffs where I send thee;  
 The hills, where the home of the children of war is,  
 Where the Klefts hold their council of brave Palikaris;  
 Where in days, that in brightness and glory shone o'er us,  
 We slew the wild goats, the swift Tombras and Floras;  
 And there, if my once loved companions are turning  
 To seek for my footsteps at evening returning,  
 Oh, say not that you in my agony view'd me,  
 Tell not that I perish'd, that death hath subdued me—  
 Say only, that, wearied with toiling and danger,  
 I have wedded a maid in the land of the stranger,  
 I have taken a cold marble slab for my mother,  
 The earth for my bride. and a rock for my brother! ‡

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\* ——— τὰ στήθη σου τεμόνι.

† Κ' ἂν κάμ' ὁ Θεὸς κ' ἡ Παναγιά, να πλέξης, να περάσης.

‡ Μόνον εἰπὲ, πανδύθηκα' σ τὰ ἔρημα τὰ ξένα

Πῆρα τὴν πλάκα πεθερὰν, τὴν μαύρην γῆν γυναῖκα

Κι' αὐτὰ τὰ λιανολίθαρα ἔλα γυναικαδέλφια.

modesty and industrious habits: from sunrise to sunset the two daughters of Gregorio were constantly employed, either in the household affairs, in spinning cotton, knitting coarse silk-stockings, or embroidering the borders of handkerchiefs to be exported to Constantinople and Smyrna. It is impossible to conceive their surprise when I sat by them in the evenings and gave them an account of the ladies of England, the domestic sway which they exercised in their own homes, and the exalted grade which they maintained in society. They could not avoid envying the lot of English women; and yet I could perceive that long habit had taught them to consider greater privileges than they themselves possessed, in some degree, an outrage on decorum. I never saw any creatures more cheerful and contented than they seemed to be; they had no wishes and no wants unsatisfied; their island was the world, and a *happy* world to them;\* and all beyond its limits was

\* Une demeure que tant de gens trouveroient affreuse,

filled by cares, and crimes, and misery. Its frightful exposure to internal convulsions, and its frequent commotion by subterraneous fire, were treated but as the passing showers, or wintry storms of Europe: since they knew no fairer land of safety with which to contrast it; or from which to draw their comparisons of security and beauty. Even those terrific rocks, and "isles volcanic," which we could scarcely bear to look upon without a shudder of association, they fearlessly pointed out with pride and naïveté, as the local curiosities of their home.

On the third day after our arrival, Gregorio took us in his boat to visit the islands in the harbour. We first rowed for about an hour to Nea Kaumené, the latest formed of the three. It is a mere heap of scoriæ, pumice, and cal-

est pourtant regardée par les Santorinois comme le paradis de la terre, et ils n'ont point de plus forte imprecation à faire contre un homme du pays, que de lui dire, "*Va, malheureux, puisse tu mourir hors de Santorin.*"

*M. Robert. Hist. des Duc. del Arch.*

cined rocks, which have not yet begun to decompose; but as a few plants of the Prickly Pear-tree (*Cactus opuntia*) have already found root amongst them, we may hope in a short time (should no fresh eruption intervene) to see it covered with verdure. Palæo Kaumené, separated from the latter by a narrow channel, rose above the waters in 1573. It is still sterile, savage and unprofitable; covered with huge masses of shapeless rock and barren lava, and occasionally emitting from its fissures and flameless craters the most noxious and stifling vapours. Hiera, the oldest of the three, still remains in a state of primeval desolation: it is about a mile or upwards in length, and, though we landed at several points, we saw but little to repay us for the trouble of visiting it.

During the whole period of the excursion, poor Gregorio seemed in a state of violent mental excitement; he was evidently busily engaged in prayer, and ever and anon he crossed himself with fervour, and in suppressed accents im-

plored the assistance of St. Nicholas and heaven. It was with no moderate delight that he heard our determination to return, and never did I see him perform his vespers to the Virgin with such pure devotion, as when, after all our toilings, we sat down, on our safe arrival at Pyrgos, to the frugal repast which his daughters and Spiro had prepared for us.

On rising the following morning, we found that a Greek vessel of war had anchored during the night below St. Nicholas, and on going down to the shore, after breakfast, we learned that she was the *Achillefs*, or *Achilles*, commanded by Georgio Stephanopoulo, who had put in for a supply of fresh provisions, and was to sail the same evening on a cruise through the *Arches*.\* As I chanced to know the captain, I calculated on a ready passage to Milo or Syra, and resolved at once on going on board with my luggage, and having bade adieu to Madame and her

\* A common name for the Archipelago.



daughters, Gregorio prepared his boat to run me along the shore.

As he tugged mechanically at his oar, I observed him buried in melancholy thought, and, after a little persuasion, he informed me that his depression arose from a dream which he had had the preceding night, in which he fancied that, in a fit of ungovernable rage, he had murdered one of his fellow-townsmen. "And why," said I, "should this give you so much concern, when you know that it was but a dream?"—"Alas! Milordo," he replied, "dreams are like feathers, which serve to show the winds of our passions. Yesterday I thought myself incapable of cruelty, but now I know that *murder* itself is not incompatible with my disposition. I was placed in my dream in a situation that might often occur in the ordinary course of life: I was inflamed with anger, and goaded by revenge. It was in vain to stem the current of my imaginary fury: I struck my enemy to the earth, and I felt that my *heart* went with the blow: ah! sir, a breast

which only beats with gentleness, a bosom unsusceptible of the same feelings when *awake*, could never feel as I did in that hideous *dream* ! It has shown me, but too truly, what I am, and what I am capable of committing, if excited or aroused.”—“But, Gregorio,” said I, “that vision has shown you nothing which is peculiar to yourself: it was inspired by the mere workings of human passion *during sleep*, uncurbed by reason or religion, as it would have been, under similar circumstances, when awake ; and, instead of thus exciting melancholy despondency, it should merely serve to kindle your gratitude for a forewarning of your frailties, and arouse your vigilance to remedy or to suppress them.”

“ ’Tis very true, Milordo, very true,” said the ascetic vine-dresser, with a sigh ;—but I found that the dream had left its own sad impression too forcibly on his mind, and that my reasoning would have but little weight in removing it.

The idea, however, was a quaint, and perhaps, if more generally attended to, a beneficial one.

How often might dreams, if wisely marked, become illustrative paintings to the language of conscience ! for I fully agree with Gregorio, that men will never dream of the commission of crimes, to which there dwells no lurking impulse in their waking bosoms ; and on the other hand, it is equally impossible for visions of active virtue to hover round the slumbers of the wholly wicked. It is not the miser who dreams of benevolence, the murderer of mercy, or the religious bigot of Christian toleration ; any more than the slumbering brain of the idiot is working with the theories of the philosopher, or the breast of the sleeping infant is labouring with the dark cabals of the conspirator, or the midnight intrigues of the statesman.

How often might those unbidden counsellors, “ that feelingly remind us what we are,” suggest the checking of aspiring envy, the curbing of inordinate desires, or the crushing of nascent, though otherwise unconscious crime ! Even now let the most self-complacent mortal cast a

backward glance over those *years* of his existence which he has spent in sleep ; and if he can recall the sensation of one vicious appetite, one criminal desire, one unuttered thought, which he would blush to herald into light, let him rest assured, that each has its latent, though possibly unacknowledged lurking-place within his bosom. Above all, let my fair readers lay this maxim to heart ; they may—nay, I know they *do*, despise all the little pomps and vanities of “feminitie” whilst awake, but if in those moments of sleep, when passion will revel unreined and unchecked, they can accuse themselves of coquetry or scandal ; erring either by the “tongue that pours it, or the ear that drinks,” if they are conscious of one slumbering act that waking they would fly from, let them watch and beware ;—the tempter is hid in their bosoms. Let them learn prudence from their slumbers, and remember the words of Gregorio of Santorin.

On reaching the vessel, I bade adieu to my

kind and pious host, who returned in his shallop to Pyrgos. Stephanopoulo was on shore when I stepped on board his brig, but was expected every moment, as the Achilles was about to get under weigh immediately, her errand to Santorin being accomplished. I went down to the cabin in the mean time, and was busied about an hour in writing my journal, when I was disturbed by the arrival of a party alongside, and an unusual bustle upon deck. I went up and found the crew busily engaged in helping one of their companions from the boat, who had been severely wounded upon shore. It appeared that the sailors had been firing a *feu de joie*, at parting; and as their pistols are never discharged without a bullet, the accident (by no means an unusual one) had occurred, and the ball was lodged in the poor fellow's shoulder. He was stretched upon deck, apparently in great agony, and the *surgeon* of the vessel was summoned to attend him.

This was a sallow-faced man, a native of

Scio, of about forty or fifty years of age, dressed in a sober-coloured habit and decorated with a green velvet cap and tassel. He was a perfect genius of his class, and his mysterious and pompous demeanour was thoroughly commensurate to his unparalleled ignorance. “Pray, Meledonius,” said I one day, “whether has Padua or Bologna the honour of having directed your studies?”—“Studies! Lord bless you!” cried he, in amazement, “I have never studied, Sir. My master was a physician of Cyprus; I served him for nine years, and he left me at his decease this book of receipts (pulling a filthy paper from his breast); but I have made but little use of it,” said he, pompously; “I trust more to experience than theory. I have had the most extensive practice in my time, and am happy to say, I have always been pretty successful in my cures, *μὲ τὴν χάριν τῆς Παναγίας.*” \*—“*Καὶ τοῦ σθένους τῶν παθόμενῶν,*” †

\* Thanks to the Holy Virgin.

† And the good constitution of your patients.

added I; but Meledonius either lost the force of the *addendum*, or was too zealous a Christian to defraud the Virgin of even a leaf of her laurels.

This portentous personage now approached the dying seaman, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and, tearing open his jacket, inspected the orifice of the wound. The ball had penetrated the right breast, below the clavicle, and was imbedded somewhere out of his reach. Meledonius' business, however, was less with the bullet than the unseemly *hole* it had made: this he squeezed, and pressed and measured with his eye; then raising himself up, he plaited his lips, curled down his eyebrows, and seizing his wrist with his left hand, stood for a moment pressing his right finger to his forehead, and beating the deck with his toe: at last he gave a nod equal in intelligence to that of Lord Burleigh, turned up his sleeves, and proceeded to business.

He first poured a little brown tarry balsam



into the wound, then closing the sides, he made all snug with some strips of adhesive plaister ; leaving the ball as carefully secured within, as if the patient's life depended on its sedulous retention in his body. My acquaintance with the operator was too brief to entitle me to offer any suggestions ; and besides, I was somewhat taken aback by the reverence with which his proceedings were gazed on by the crew, and the air of authority with which he gave his directions, and retired to his quarters. The poor sailor was then carried, bullet and all, to his berth, from whence it is needless to say that he never returned. They buried him the following evening on the shore of Nio.

We sailed a few hours after noon, Stephanopoulo's object being to fall in with his Commodore, who was cruising about the islands to intercept the European transports employed in carrying stores and provisions from the Turks. Our vessel was a brig of eighteen guns, built at Hydra, on a perfect and beautiful

model: she had long been employed in carrying wheat to the coasts of Spain and the South of France, but when the revolution burst out, she was forced to exchange her grain for guns, and abandon commerce for war. Her cabin was high and roomy, built of unpainted fir, hung with arms and amber pipes, and surrounded by a divan, on which the Captain and his *nostro uomo*\* sat to take their coffee, sip rosoglio, and smoke their chibouquès. As we loosed from our moorings, the crew commenced their usual shouts, every order was repeated from man to man, along the deck, and not a sheet was overhauled, or belayed, without an appropriate scream to designate the operation. Lucian, if I remember aright, makes some allusion to this noisy custom; and as the practice is very ancient, these peculiar nautical exclamations may explain the words of Isaiah: “I have brought

\* A sort of mixed post on board a Greek vessel, combining the duties of *first lieutenant*, *purser*, *pilot*, and *sailing-master*.

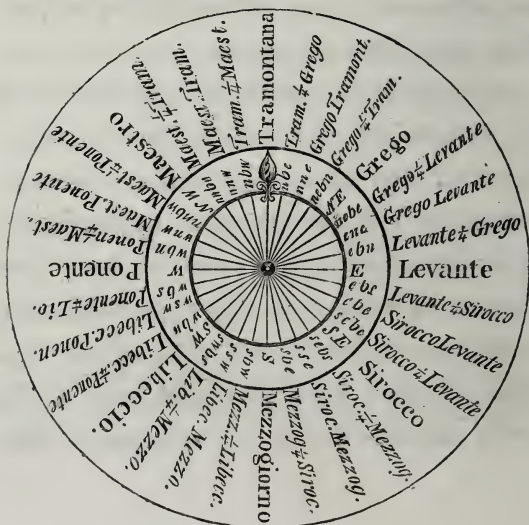
down all their nobles and the Chaldeans whose *cry* is in the ships." (c. xliii. v. 14.)

The ship's company were as usual a set of insolent, good-humoured, idle fellows, whose time was chiefly spent in sleeping, singing, or playing cards; and they would lie for hours together under the shadow of a sail, laughing and shouting over their favourite game of Casino. *Kappo* was their name for diamonds, *Κουπες* hearts, *Πικες* spades, and clubs *Σπαθια*. *Φιγουρες* are the court cards, *Ζαφικα* plain ones, and *ὁ Βασιλεὺς*, *ἡ Δαμα*, *ὁ Φαντι*, and *ὁ Ἄσος* are king, queen, knave, and ace.

As to navigation, neither the commander nor his companions professed to know anything about *it*; and as an Irish barrister once observed that "it was taking a dirty advantage of him to speak upon a point of *law*," Stephanopoulo would have felt equal indignation at being interrogated on a point of the compass. He had, however, an old book of Venetian charts on board, and occasionally, when

he knew from the headlands his exact position, he used to revert to them in order to point his place in *the picture* to the admiring nostruomo.

The terms of the Levantine compass are totally different from ours. *Tramontana*, *Levante*, *Mezzo-giorno*, and *Ponente*, are the *Lingua Franca* denominations of north, east, south, and west; whilst north-east and north-west, south-west and south-east, are designated by *Grego* and *Maestro*, *Libeccio* and *Sirocco*. The modifications are as follows:



On board ship, however, this diagram is of but little practical use, as it is very seldom indeed that the navigators lose sight of some well-known shore, or familiar headland.

About noon on the day after leaving Santorin, we passed to the east of the miserable little island of Sikino, which is separated from Nio by a strait of eight or nine miles in breadth. Its inhabitants, about two hundred in number, are supported by the produce of their wheat crops, which were formerly disposed of to ships which arrived annually from Hydra, Ipsara, and Spezzia; but owing to the present political convulsions in the Levant, the commerce of the island has been almost totally destroyed. Sikino was one of the thirty-one islands of the Ægean which belonged to the Capitan Pacha;\*

\* Namely, Amorgo, Anaphé, Argentiera, Colouri, Carso, Egina, St. Elia, Dromi Ipsara, Hydrâ, Mycone, Milo, Nio, Naxos, Paros, Anti-Paros, Poros, Patmos, Policandro, Santorin, Stampalia, Skyro, Sikinos, Siphno, Serpho, Spezzia, Scopelo, Skiatho, Thermia, Trickeri, Zea, and Anghistri.

and of the remaining twenty-two, four\* were the property of the Zarabhana Emini, or steward of the Mint; two, of the Mufti,† and sixteen, of the Government and its dependent Pachalics.‡

Nio, owing to its fine harbour, is still a place of considerable consequence; its inhabitants amount to upwards of 3000, and its annual taxes lately produced 5000 piastres to the Capitan Pacha. As we passed it towards evening, its brown and heathy hills were red with the glow of sunset; but they seemed bleak, and thinly sprinkled with culture or human habitations. Its wine and oil are held in high estimation

\* Andros, Scio, Syra, and Tino.

† Nicaria and Samos.

‡ Namely, Cos, Candia, Cyprus, Imbros, Lemnos, Mitylen, Tenedos, Thasos, Rhodes, Carpathos, Castelorizo, Calimno, Lero, Nisari, Scarpanto, and Symé, of which the last seven were attached to the Government of Rhodes. Out of this number a large proportion are exempt from the payment of tribute, and from the remainder, the united amount of Karatch and annual taxes amounted to about 300,000 Turkish piastres, or 75,000*l.* sterling.



throughout the Levant ; but its only interesting association is the circumstance of its being the burying-place of Homer, who expired in the island whilst sailing from Samos to Athens. Of his tomb, no vestige now remains, but our captain mentioned some confused report of a Russian naval officer having discovered it a few years back.

As we drew near to the north-western extremity, the vessel backed her topsails and lay to, whilst a few of the hands went on shore in the long-boat to dig a grave for their dead companion. They returned in about an hour, bringing with them some limpets (*Patella vulgata*), which they had picked from the rocks on the shore, and a quantity of large snails (*Helix pomatia*) which they had found on the island. The limpets were eaten raw, but had a rank disagreeable flavour, and were, besides, as tough as caouchouc, owing to the strength of their muscles. The snails were served for supper, boiled, and my companions contrived to dis-



cuss them pretty quickly by breaking off the apex of the shell and sucking out the contents.

Towards twilight, we were again gliding along before a gentle breeze, which merely served to chase the burnished surface of the golden sea. After passing the straits of Nio, the Ægean opened out into a beautiful bay, to the north of which lay Paros and Naxos, and to the east and west Amorgo and Siphanto. Shoals of dolphins were sporting on every side, pursuing the flocks of flying fish, which ever and anon rose fluttering from the waves and sunk again exhausted as the evening breeze dried up the moisture of their tiny wings. As night closed in around, the wind freshened a little, and the captain having shortened sail and set the watch on deck, came down below to have his stated game of drafts with the versatile *nostruomo*.

About an hour before midnight, the watch entered the cabin in terror to say that a blazing ship was making all sail towards us, and

in a few minutes must pass right athwart our course. We hurried upon deck, and saw the singular appearance he alluded to about a mile to windward : the flames were curling up beneath the pitchy sky, and a long train of sparks was floating in her wake. In the course of a few minutes she drove close by us, and proved to be a *Mystico* scudding under a light sail, whilst her deck and bulwarks were enveloped in flames, and the fire was fast spreading up the mast. Of course, not a creature was on board, and our captain at once explained the mystery by stating that she must have been a pirate, captured and thus destroyed by some European ships of war. She had scarcely passed us when her rigging was caught by the flame, and her further motion being thus precluded, she burned to the water's edge and sunk in about an hour.

The following morning rose pure and beautiful ; again all sail was set, and we hoped ere noon to reach the open sea to the south of

Syra, where Stephanopoulo expected to encounter the squadron of the commodore. As we were seated at breakfast, a sailor put his head within the door, and saying briefly "that it looked squally to windward," hurried again upon deck. We all followed, and on coming up, saw a little black cloud on the verge of the horizon towards the south, which was every instant spreading over the sky and drawing nearer to us. The captain altered his course instantly, preparing to scud before it; and in the meantime ordered all hands aloft to take in sail. But scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around: the wind came rushing and crisping over the water, and in a moment the ship was running almost gunwale down, whilst the rain was dashing in torrents on the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards, and as the gust rushed through the rigging the sheets and ropes were snapping and cracking with a fearful noise. The crew,

however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour or even less, the hurricane had all passed by; the sun burst again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train; the wind sunk to its former gentleness, and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, which continued for the remainder of the day rough and billowy.

It is the dread of such sudden bourasques as the present, that compels almost every vessel in the Levant to shorten sail at the close of day, since in cloudy weather it would be next to impossible during the night to discern the approach of the tempest in time to prepare for its reception; and to a ship with all her canvass spread, its effects might prove terrific. This instance and others I have witnessed, are thoroughly explanatory of the passage in

Kings, where the servant of Elijah descends from the top of Carmel the little cloud ascending from the sea: "And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." And in the meanwhile the heavens grew black with clouds and wind, and "there was a great rain," (1 Kings, ch. 18, vv. 44, 45.) In the Mediterranean such scenes are frequent, but fortunately, though so dreadfully impetuous, the hurricane is so local in its fury, that its impetuosity will scarcely be perceived at the distance of a very few miles.

The remainder of the morning was spent in repairing the damage sustained by the sails and cordage, and in overhauling an English brig which passed us, on her way to London. About noon, the crew, dividing themselves into messes of four and six each, spread their little tables on the deck, and dispatched their frugal dinner of salt fish and biscuit, washing it down with plentiful draughts of wine, which was sup-

plied by a cup-bearer who attended each. Our fare in the cabin consisted solely of fish; perches boiled into excellent soup, and sardellas served with vinegar and oil; whilst a boy on the conclusion of the repast, brought in a towel, a pewter basin, and some soap, and poured water on the hands of each from an antique ewer, whilst we performed this necessary ablution. This is the custom so often and so minutely described by Homer and by Virgil:

“Dant famuli manibus lymphas.”

*Æn.* Lib. 1, v. 705.

and which seems to have been universal throughout the East, from one of the servants of the King of Israel's mentioning, “here is Elisha the son of Shaphat, which *poured water on the hands* of Elijah.”\*

It was night ere we reached Naxia, whither we found that Kreise the Commodore had come to anchor, and at sunset as usual a censer of myrrh, kindled at the per-

\* 2nd Kings, c. iii. v. 11.

petual fire before the Virgin, was borne around the decks, and devoutly inhaled by the seamen ; then the vesper hymn being sung by the crew, we turned in to our berths on board, as it was too late to attempt landing before the morrow.



## LETTER XI.

Bacchatamque jugis Naxon.      *Virgil.*

## NAXOS, ANTIPAROS, AND PAROS.

Town of Naxia.—The interior of the Island.—Produce.—Antiquities.—Soi-disant Consuls in the Levant.—Our Host.—HISTORY OF THE DUKES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.—Their Origin.—Marco Sanuto gains possession of Naxos.—Establishes his dominion.—Reduces the surrounding Islands.—Declares himself independent.—And is recognized by the Eastern Princes.—Assists Venice against the Genoese at Candia.—His death.—State of the Islands on the recapture of Constantinople by the Greeks, 1261. Influence of the Dukes subsequently.—Solyman the Second takes Rhodes, and the Dukedom totters.—Crispo refuses an asylum to the Knights of Malta.—Solyman quarrels with Venice.—Barbarossa attacks Naxia.—Plunders the town.—And the Duke John becomes tributary to the Porte.—Giacomo Crispo disgusts his subjects.—They place themselves under the Porte.—Giacomo's imprisonment in the Seven Towers.—Michez succeeds him.—Death of Michez.—Islands submit to the Porte.—Maltese prevent the Turks from occupying them.—And they gain a partial independence.—The NAXIOTS.—Antiques.—Influence of European Politics.—Conduct of the Russians in 1770.—EXCURSION TO PAROS.—ANTIPAROS.—The GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.—Interior of Paros.—Ancient Marble quarries.—Singular antique Sculpture.—ARUNDELIAN MARBLES.—Return.—Supper on the shore of the Island.

LIKE all the cities of the Greek islanders the streets of Naxia are narrow, intricate, and

filthy, and though from sea its white houses and romantic exterior give it an air of interest and beauty, it requires but a step upon the busy shore to destroy the illusion. The island, once the richest of the Cyclades, still retains a portion of its wealth and importance; but its opulence springs solely from its agricultural produce, since the total absence of anything like a harbour has, from the earliest times, debarred its inhabitants from any share in the commerce of the Levant.

The interior of the country is said to be picturesque and beautiful; but the hills, as far as we saw them from the beach, appeared brown and gloomy and verdureless; and must require some more solid attractions than those which first strike a stranger, to vindicate for it the proud title of "Queen of the Cyclades." Of its produce, the most valuable department is the manufactory of oil, of which 400,000 okkas are annually exported to Trieste and Smyrna. Its olives are remarkable for their fine quality,

and the best, termed "Olives di Caloyer," form the principal support of the islanders. When pulled, they are first steeped in salt and water for a short time, and then being preserved in oil, they are eaten with bread.

Oranges and lemons grow in abundance; and the traffic with Russia in their distilled rind, and citrons, for green preserves, is a main source of profit to the Naxiots. Their wine is rich and sweetly flavoured, but, in point of body or strength, is by no means worthy of the birth-place of Bacchus. The only remains of antiquity are a fountain near the town still known by the name of Ariadne, and a massy doorway which once formed the portal to a Temple of Bacchus, on a little isle to the north of the harbour. This ponderous relic is formed solely of three slabs of marble, whilst around its base the ground is evidently strewn above the ruins of the other portions of the building, whence a little trouble might serve to disinter them. A few rocks lie between the isle and

the opposite shore, and over these a bridge was once constructed, which served at the same time as an aqueduct to convey a stream of water to the temple ; but all has now disappeared, and of the scene of former pomp, the solitary portal alone remains.

In the morning we were met on the beach at landing, by the person who called himself the British Consul, but who, like those of the other islands, is merely *self-elected* to that honourable office. Throughout the Levant the duty of these *soi-disant* Consuls renders them personages of importance, in proportion to the political influence of the respective nations whose colours they mount upon the flagstaff at their residences ; and though virtually possessed of no local authority, their influence in their respective islands is by no means inconsiderable. The French and English of course take the lead, although the former bear a manifest superiority in the eyes of the Greeks, which may, however, be unequivocally attributed to the embroidered

coat and sword of office which they assume. In this, however, they do not *always* stand unrivalled, for the Consul of Tinos, resolving not to be outdone by his Gallic rival, sports nothing less than the uniform of *an English general!* somewhat worse for the wear to be sure; a star upon his left breast, a cocked hat and tremendous plume, jack-boots, spurs, and a sword to which Prince Arthur's caliburn was a "bare bodkin." The Consuls are in fact the *nobility* of the Archipelago; their opinion is always decisive, and in many instances, (as at Scio, Patras, &c. where, however, they were officially authorized,) their *protection* has been mainly serviceable in preserving its claimants from massacre during the frightful scenes of the revolution.

Our present acquaintance was a man of modest pretensions, his emoluments being very trivial, since the trade of Naxos does not induce a sufficient number of foreign vessels to touch at Naxia, and the island itself possesses

no shipping save a few craft of trifling tonnage. He was, however, peculiarly hospitable, and gave us a pressing invitation to take up our quarters with him during our visit, which we were induced to accept, as the Achilles instead of proceeding to Syra was about to accompany the commodore's squadron towards Rhodes. We accordingly returned on board for our trunks and portfolios, with which we repaired to the Consulate.

The house of our host was situated remote from the beach, and not far from the Chateau, and besides being strikingly clean, contained some spacious apartments decorated with Venetian engravings, some Greek paintings of Saint Nicholas, (the patron of sailors, and a special favourite in the Levant,) an abundance of charts which he had got from the European seamen ; and above all a map of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which he pointed out with no small exultation, as a piece of furniture peculiarly appropriate in *his* dwelling.



The castle and ducal palace of Naxia are now in a state of total ruin, having never recovered from their plunder by Barbarossa, in the reign of Solyman the Second and in the latter days of the decline of Naxos, having received no repairs from their degraded occupants.

Throughout the entire of the islands, are still to be traced some remains of the Dukes of the Archipelago, or as they are more generally denominated, the Dukes of Naxos. These petty sovereigns rose to power in consequence of the weakness of the Latin princes, who, during the fourth Crusade, seized on and divided amongst themselves the empire of Constantinople. During that dismemberment, the portion of either of the conquerors was more secure and tenable than that of Venice, whose share of the subjugated territory was a long chain of maritime posts extending along the shores of Asia and Europe; and as the protection of these insulated points, from distant and simultaneous attack, demanded a greater force than was possessed by



the Republic, she was obliged to resort to a new measure in order to ensure the continuance of her feeble dominion.

This was, to grant a commission to those of her nobles who could fit out vessels ; permitting them to take possession, in the name of the Doge, of those islands and cities which were nominally the property of Venice, but which had manifested a repugnance to submit to her self-constituted authority. It was in this manner that Marco Dandolo obtained the signiory of Gallipoli ; Andrea Gizi of Tino, Mycone, Skyros and Scopelo ; and various leaders other points of less importance, which were almost all ultimately united under the Dukedom of Naxos. The aim of Marco Sanuto was, however, much more ambitious than that of his companions, and his improvement of the opportunity thus afforded him, more advantageous than had at first been anticipated by Venice.

It was in the year 1207, A.D., that he arrived with a few galleys and followers before

Naxos, which, at that time, was the richest as well as the most powerful of the Cyclades; containing upwards of one hundred villages, and numerous castles erected by the Lower Emperors. He landed at Potamides, and after a delay of five weeks, succeeded in reducing the entire island. Here his first object was to secure himself in his conquest, and strengthen it in such a manner as to render it a worthy centre for his anticipated dominion. He raised without delay the castle, which is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the town; a lofty square tower, flanked by walls connecting lesser turrets, at about five-and-twenty feet distant from each other. He next endeavoured to form a harbour by building a mole, the remnants of which are still discernible beneath the water; and here he trained for his future enterprizes a fleet of thirty galleys.

Thus secured against the hostility of his subjects, his next aim was to secure their

friendship, and as this had been principally withheld from motives of theological antipathy, Sanuto took the readiest means of conciliating them by firmly establishing the free exercise of every religion; but in a little time as the crowd of Latin followers increased around him, he applied to Rome for a Bishop, and erected for his Roman Catholic subjects a cathedral near the Chateau, which serves at the present day for the devotions of their descendants.

Thus firmly fixed in his little dynasty, Marco prepared to increase the bounds of his dominions. In successive expeditions he reduced Paros, Antiparos, and Santorin, Nio, Anaphe, Argentiera, Milo, Siphanto, and Policandro, and in each he raised proper defences, and installed a Governor and garrison. Now possessed of ample empire, his next step was to establish his independence, and this without many diplomatic preliminaries he contrived to do, by sending Ambassadors to the courts

of Henry, the successor to Baldwin the First, at Constantinople; and to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, the King of Thessaly. These princes, though struck with the boldness of the step, were too busily engaged with their own concerns to interfere in the marring of Marco's fortunes.

Henry received his representative with readiness and honour, and immediately declared Naxos and its dependencies a Dukedom, conferring on Sanuto the title of Prince of the Empire, and Duke of the Archipelago. Boniface, following the example of the Emperor, was equally cordial in his reception of the embassy; and Venice, too weak to contend against her associates of France and Byzantium, concurred, without a murmur, in establishing the independence of Sanuto, and even went so far as to solicit his alliance against the Genoese, who were annoying her in her Candiot possessions.

Here, however, he rather lost his reputation

by a treacherous alliance imputed to him, with the Genoese commander, Count de Mailloc, by which he was to have obtained for himself one-half the territory he came to protect for Venice. But although in this he was disappointed, as the plot was prematurely discovered, yet still Venice was too politic to come to an open rupture with a rival so rising and popular. Till his death, which occurred in 1220, A. D., at the age of sixty-seven, the influence and power of Marco continued to increase, and a very short time before his decease, he was able to bring 1,000 foot soldiers and 500 horse to the assistance of the Emperor Henry, who was engaged in a war with Theodore the Prince of Epirus.

On the recapture of Constantinople by the Greeks, under Strategopoulo, the general of Michael Palæologus, in 1261, the strength of the Dukedom was too firmly established to be overthrown by the restored Emperors, nor did Michael in any instance attempt to subdue it.

The Greeks alone (ever anxious for change) showed some symptoms of disaffection but the overthrow of a body of insurgents in Milo, soon reduced them to reason; and Marco (grandson to the first Duke) continued to hold possession of his insular dominion, supported by the alliance of the Venetians.

As the empire of the East began to approach its extinction, and the growing power of the Turks was swollen by each successive incursion on its territories, the concurrence and support of the Naxiot chieftains was solicited and obtained by the Christian potentates, in their various leagues against the triumphing infidels. Nicolas, the ninth Duke, was one of the most influential members of the alliance formed by Gregory the Eleventh, in 1376, against Amurath the First, whose European conquests were filling Christendom with alarm; and Francis Crispo, the sixteenth who held the reins of the Ægean monarchy, was a strenuous ally of Venice, when Bertoldo D'Este was sent to check



the progress of Mahomet the Second in the Morea.

The final conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, was however the fatal signal for the overthrow of Naxos, though its ruin was not accomplished for nearly a century afterwards. Mahomet and his immediate successors were too much occupied on the continent to direct their attention to the reduction of the islands; nor did any one exploit of the Sultan tend to diminish the power of the Dukes, till Solyman the Second, in 1522, succeeded in expelling the Knights of Saint John from the fortress of Rhodes. This important acquisition gave him at once the key to the Archipelago, as well by securing him the possession of an island of so much importance, as by ridding him of a swarm of enemies who had been the most galling opponents to the progress of the Turkish arms.

Had Solyman followed up that blow by a consequent and immediate attack upon the Cyclades, they must, without a struggle, have submit-



ted; but fortunately for them, his fleet was so much shattered, and his troops so fatally reduced during the six months' siege, that he was forced to retire, without delay, to Constantinople, in order to refit. Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam,\* the Grand-master of the Knights, is said to have at this crisis solicited from John Crispo, the twentieth and reigning Duke, an asylum in his dominions; but this was prudently denied, as well from a fear that the guests might one day become the masters of their entertainer, as from a conviction that his hospitality would only serve to attract the arms of the Sultan to Naxos. L'Isle d'Adam and his knights departed to Sicily, and finally to Malta, which was conferred on them by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and from which the united forces of the whole Ottoman throne have never been able to expel them.

The impending ruin of Naxos was, however, merely delayed for a season. Solyman, imme-

\* An ancestor of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, assassinated by Felton at Portsmouth in 1628.

diately after the conquest of Rhodes, had, or fancied he had, a cause for dissatisfaction with the Venetians, and, in consequence, attacked the island of Corfu, which was governed by one of their proveditors. Here he was unsuccessful; but not wishing to draw off his troops without some show of other cause than defeat, he ordered Cassin Pacha to proceed from thence to the assault of Napoli di Romania by land, whilst the celebrated Barbarossa was directed to support him with the fleet. The Duke of Naxos had some intimation of their intentions, and wrote to warn the Governor of Napoli of the meditated attack; but unfortunately his letters were intercepted by the Turkish admiral, who, after an unsuccessful attempt upon the city, set sail for Naxos, in order to punish the unfortunate Duke for his uncalled for interference.

He appeared before Naxia with a fleet of seventy sail, and John, alarmed at the vastness of the armament and the terror of his name,

had no other resource than submission. He came in person on board the galley of Barbarossa, and surrendered the keys of the citadel, accompanied by a present of a large sum of gold. The Turk received the money, accepted the keys, and gave up the town to the plunder of his followers, reserving for himself the sacking of the ducal palace. For three days the wretched chieftain was forced to sit upon the deck of the conqueror's vessel, a spectator of the ruins of his city, and the pillage of the castle of his ancestors; and it was only when there remained nothing more to carry off or destroy, that the haughty Turk consented to come to terms of accommodation. He agreed to re-invest Crispo with the government, provided he should hold himself a vassal of the Porte, and pay an annual sum of 6,000 golden crowns to the Sultan. John closed with the degrading, but only alternative, and Barbarossa retired to the pillage of Paros, which, after a protracted siege, he succeeded in taking possession of,

having starved out the garrison who held it under Venieri.\*

James, or as he is usually called, Giacomo Crispo, the last of the family who bore the ducal honours, was son to John, whom I have just mentioned. On succeeding to the estate, he found nothing but an inheritance of poverty and distress; the islanders disaffected, and despising his authority, refused to pay their annual tribute; and Giacomo held the name without the influence of government, surrounded by menacing foes and rebellious subjects, and obliged to support his authority

\* This celebrated soldier had obtained possession of Paros by a marriage with the family of Sommariva, who had in like manner inherited it by intermarriage with the house of Sanuto. In fact, numbers of the islands which formed the original duchy, had thus, at different times, been dismembered from the dominions of the Dukes, in order to portion their daughters, though almost all had, by subsequent inheritance, returned to the heads of the family. It was thus, that on the extinction of the Sanutos, they were succeeded by the family of Carcerio, and these again replaced by that of Crispo, who remained in the government till driven out by Selym II.

without either soldiers, shipping, funds, or friends. He saw that his circumstances were irretrievable, and without making any vigorous efforts to better his fortunes, he abandoned himself at once to vice, voluptuousness, and libertinism. His hours were spent in alternate pleasures and despondency, and from isle to isle of his dominions all was anarchy, confusion, and debauchery.

The Greeks, tired of their masters, and hating them as Roman Catholics, now sent a deputation to Selym II., the successor of Solyman, to complain of the cruelties of Giacomo, and to implore the protection of the Sublime Porte. The infatuated and despairing Duke was warned of his danger, but he took no pains, till it was too late, to avert the coming storm ; and it was only when the agents of the islanders had sailed, that he prepared to follow them in person and carry a purse of 12,000 crowns, as a bribe to the Ottoman ministers. But his efforts were unavailing : scarcely had

he set foot upon the banks of the Bosphorus when he was cast into the prison of the Seven Towers, and a messenger dispatched to the Naxiots to say that the Sultan had graciously condescended to accept their offer, that he took them under his sublime protection, and would, without delay, send them as a governor John Michez, a Jew, on whom he had conferred the possession of the islands.

This was a favour which the fickle and unfortunate Greeks had not anticipated; they implored and entreated to have their beloved Giacomo restored them, or at least that the Porte would confer on them some other master than an Israelite. These submissions were however in vain; the Sultan maintained his resolution, but Michez, alarmed at their expressed hostility, declined ruling his dominions in person, and sent as a deputy Francesco Coronello,\* a Spaniard, whose father was gover-

\* The descendants of this gentleman are still living in various islands of the *Ægean*.



nor of Segovia, under Ferdinand and Isabella. The measures of this ruler soon restored tranquillity, and gained the affections of the Naxiots, whilst, in the meantime, Giacomo being released from prison fled to Venice, and there shortly after died of a broken heart.

Thus ended the race of the Dukes of Naxos, after a continuance of 300 years, nor was the termination of their dominion to be deplored. Their tenure of their possessions was one of mere feudal right; nor did their presence contribute in any degree to the intellectual or political advancement of their subjects; they found them debased and ignorant slaves, and they left them as they found them; nor have the Cyclades inherited from the Dukes one remnant of cultivated genius, or one monument of successful art.

After the death of Giacomo, Michez did not long retain his honours; his favour with Selym declined; he was deprived of his dukedom; the government of which the Sultan took



into his own hands, and Coronello retiring from office, settled at Naxos as an ordinary citizen. The Cyclades were now surveyed by the officers of the Porte, a census taken of the inhabitants, a tribute fixed, and Turkish governors appointed in each to collect it. This system, however, did not last long, and the Maltese galleys were the chief cause of its suspension. These descending on the detached islands, with their armed knights, made sad havoc amongst the Turks, whom they picked off their unprotected posts, and carried away into slavery. The Porte in vain sought to suppress these aggressions; their enemies were too numerous and intrepid to be deterred or eradicated; and, after years of suffering, they were obliged to leave the islands independent, subject only to an annual tribute, and withdraw their governors, since no Moslem was found daring enough to reside in such perilous situations.

The Greek islanders were thus mainly indebted to the Knights of Malta for the portion

of liberty which they enjoyed, and to their ceaseless and fatal expeditions they owed their freedom from the presence of the Turks in the Archipelago, since it was only once a year that the Capitan Pacha, accompanied by a force sufficient to awe the Knights, dared to pay his visit and receive the annual tribute.

In the course of the day on which we landed at Naxia, our host accompanied us through the town, but it contains few objects of attraction; the women with their hooped petticoats and patches, tasteless head-dresses, and paltry stomachers, looked rather like dolls of the last century, than beauties of this; the men wore principally the Frank costume, with the exception of the lower orders and some seamen, who were dressed as Hydriots. We passed a number of windmills, which seem to be the staple commodity in all the islands, and whose number is only rivalled by that of the churches and chapels to the Virgin and Saint Nicholas.

We saw some few marble slabs with half-

obliterated inscriptions, and one or two pieces of imperfect sculpture, a mutilated female figure of no great beauty, and a shaft of a broken column, perhaps from the temple of Bacchus. Coins and medals were offered to us in profusion, and we obtained one or two on which a head of Bacchus, and the word *ΝΑΞΙΩΝ* were distinctly preserved. We met very few of the inhabitants who spoke *Lingua-franca*, or any thing but Greek, a circumstance which is most likely attributable to the confined trade of the island. In the evening we had a regular *levée* at the house of the consul, all his friends crowding in to learn the latest news from Greece and the progress of the revolt; they seemed, however, to discuss it rather as politicians than patriots. It was a matter in which they did not find much personal interest, but their Grecian avidity for *news* made them insatiate to learn every particular.

The interference of the English was talked of, and they seemed to consider it a most for-

fortunate measure could it be brought about. From the French they said they expected little beyond talk,\* and as for the Russians, “*son’ grandi gaglioffi*,” said they, in vehement *Lingua-franca*, “*quando son’ qui altra volta, no fano niente de pigliar’ noi altri—niente! niente! niente!—le mattino, la sera, sempre vengano loro barce da Nausas; nostra citta era piena dai Russé ed Albanitiche, mangiar, beber tutto, e duopo batter noi altri comme cane.*” Nor was this Phillipic by any means exaggerated; for when the Russians, in 1770, made their depôt at Paros, they reduced the island almost to a desert, the hordes of Albanians who accompanied them committing all manner of outrages against the unfortunate natives amongst whom they were quartered, and extending their unwarrantable excesses even to Naxia, as our in-

\* Such was till lately the general impression amongst all the Greeks; though it is probable that the turn which events have *now* taken may have altered, in some degree, the sentiments of the nation.

formant so feelingly described in his villainous *Lingua-franca*.

The morning after our arrival we sailed about sunrise, in the consul's boat, to Port Dthriou, in the island of Paros. This is one, and by no means the best, of the four harbours which the island can boast, but is much frequented by European shipping, on account of a fine spring of water on the hill above the landing-place. We found one vessel within it, which had driven in here to repair some trifling damage which she had sustained in consequence of running on some rocks to the south of Antiparos: she was a Hydriot, and her crew were all actively employed on shore, where they had kindled a fire, and were forging away at an iron clasp for the rudder. I observed them use a peculiar species of bellows, which seemed of very antique device; it consisted of two sheepskins, united by an iron pipe introduced into the fire, which were alternately dilated with air and compressed by an Arab slave, who knelt

above them: with the exception of their not being bulls', instead of sheeps' hides, they would completely suit the description given by Virgil:—

————— alii taurinis follibus auram

Accipiunt reddunt que.—

*Georgic* iv. l. 170.

The construction must at least be very primitive, since they contained no *wood* in their composition; nor does any seem (from the lines of Virgil, Plautus, and others,) to have been used by the ancients.

The consul here engaged mules to carry us to the other side of the island, opposite to Antiparos, and having given directions to the boatmen to fish round the coast, and meet us in the evening at the harbour of Marmora, we mounted our miserable coursers and took the path to the hills.

The road was diversified, picturesque, and beautiful in the extreme, running along sunny hills, thyme covered plains, and romantic ravines of terrific depth. The country appeared rich



and productive, but scarcely bore the slightest marks of cultivation; nor did we see ten human habitations from the time we left Dthriou till our arrival at the opposite shore, a distance of nearly four hours' ride. Here we halted by a little chapel, and our guide having fired his pistols as a signal, a boat put off for us from the beach of Antiparos. It was manned by two filthy creatures, whose language and red skull-caps alone bespoke them Greeks, whilst the remainder of their costume was of a cut either too antique or too modern to be referrible to any popular model. The island, a barren rock of about sixteen miles in circumference, produces barely a sufficiency of grain for the wants of the inhabitants, though these, owing to the poverty of the spot and the oppression of the Turks, are now reduced to a very small number, estimated, I think, at about two hundred souls, who reside in a miserable collection of hovels, near the shore. Antiparos was formerly known by the name of Oliaros, but none of the early



geographers mention it as a place of any importance; it contains, therefore, no antiquities, and its sole object of attraction is the celebrated grotto, whose entrance is on a hill about half a mile from the beach. Its aperture is a low cave, which is apparently supported by a few natural columns, one of which contains an obliterated inscription, said by our guide to contain the names of the conspirators against Alexander, who had either visited or fled for protection to the grotto. Proceeding down this rude vestibule, a short descent brought us to what is properly the opening into this wonder of the Cyclades. There, by the help of ropes, furnished by the islanders, we descended into the winding and uneven gallery which leads to the grand chamber of the grotto. Our guides proceeded before us with lights, whilst one or two remained behind to direct our footsteps and attend with the ropes, which were indispensable to our descent. The passage, though constantly inclining downwards, was

remarkably rugged and toilsome, forcing us in some places to slide down the steepest spots at no trifling risque, and at others to climb over the masses of stalactite and rock which obstructed the way. It was a miserably cold, damp, and dreary sort of work, but at the same time, our arrival at the grand saloon amply repaid us for our toil, though it by no means equalled the inflated descriptions given of its beauty by its early visitants. It may, however, in the course of time have grown discoloured and opaque, but we certainly saw nothing of the flashing lights, rainbow tints, blazing crystals, and sparkling gems, with which former travellers had been so enchanted. It is a spacious chamber of tremendous height, (and rendered, in appearance, still more lofty by the surrounding gloom,) covered in all directions with gigantic stalactites, pendent from the roof, or formed upon the floor, which have assumed all the diversified forms of columns, cones, and curtains. It is this fantastic and varied appear-

ance which has led Tournefort and some of his successors to form their theory of "that most astonishing of all Nature's exhaustless mysteries, —the *Vegetation of Stones*." But without resorting to so wild an explanation; their formation can be readily accounted for on more rational principles.

Our guides having gone through the usual formalities of firing a pistol and screaming at different points, to awake the echoes, we again retraced our steps, and after about an hour's inhumation regained the fresh air, and exchanged the death-like gloom of the cavern for the brilliant light of noon-day. It is rather remarkable that this singular cave should have been totally unknown, or least unnoticed by the ancients, for neither Strabo nor Pliny, who both speak of Oliaros, make the slightest mention of this extraordinary grotto. It appears, in fact, to have been altogether unexplored up till the close of the 17th century, when M. le Marquis de Nointel, Ambassador from France

to the Porte, penetrated into it in the year 1673 with a numerous company of attendants, and spent the three Christmas holydays in the principal chamber; where he celebrated mass on a ponderous incrustation of stalactite, still known by the name of the “the altar.”

On this occasion the cavern was lighted by hundreds of lamps and flambeaux, and the moment of the elevation of the host being conveyed by a train of signals to the mouth of the grotto, was announced by a discharge of cannon from the hill. After this, it was visited by Tournefort and others, whose inflated descriptions of its beauties, and the hideous dangers of penetrating in search of them, have rendered the exploit one of considerable renown; so much so, that one veritable traveller informs his friend, to whom he gives a detail of the wonders of the grotto, that he is induced to be peculiarly minute, “because,” says he, “so great are the difficulties of the descent, that I am apt to suspect nobody will follow my example, and

that my account will be the last that ever will be given of it from personal observation !” \*

On arriving at the shore, we induced the boatman, for a trifling additional gratuity, to land us at the town of Parichia, instead of the beach at Paros where we had embarked. It is built on the site of the ancient city of Paros, and its miserable houses and ruinous castle (probably built by the Dukes of Naxos,) are almost all constructed from the remains of ancient buildings. Inscriptions, broken columns, friezes and capitals are seen protruding from the walls of every hovel, but their investigation would be rendered rather troublesome by their present state of mutilation and decay. A wretched church, evidently constructed of similar materials, crowns the adjoining hill; and beneath lies a monastery in ruins, which our guide pointed out as another memento of the visit of the Russians.

On setting out from Parichia to visit the

\* Letter from Europe, 1756.

ancient marble quarries of the island, we rode for about an hour through a country richly cultivated, and apparently abounding in all the luxuries of Canaan ; corn, wine, and oil. They are situated on Mount Karpesos, the Marpessus of the ancients ; but beyond their associations they contain nothing very striking. On each can still be distinctly traced the marks of the chisels, made use of in detaching the several blocks ; but both are encumbered with fragments and accumulated soil. The celebrated piece of sculpture mentioned by Pliny,\* still remains almost uninjured in a recess of that which is nearest to Parichia. It consists of a figure of Silenus surrounded by Bacchanalian attendants ; and, according to the Latin naturalist, was discovered by one of the workmen, on splitting open a block of marble.

This mystery is readily solved, by supposing

\* In Parirorum lapidicinis mirabile proditur, gleba lapidis unius, cuneis dividendum soluta, imaginem Sileni intus extitisse. *Plin. Hist. Nat.* l. vi. chap. 5.

that, by some *lusus naturæ*, a faint outline of the principal figure may have been coloured in the stone, and that the artist, Adamas Odryses, who has dedicated it "*to the girls of Paros*," had chiselled it out, and added the group of dancers and attendants. Be it as it may, its execution does but little credit to either Nature or Odryses; and its continuance in its present situation, is much more attributable to its own want of merit than to any deficiency of taste in its visitants; since we may reasonably conjecture, that had it been worth removing, the antiquarian harpies who haunt the shores of Greece, would long since have disputed its possession with the ladies of Paros.

We endeavoured, but in vain, to find out from our companions, one of whom was a rather intelligent priest, some particulars about the quarter of the island in which the celebrated Arundelian marbles professed to have been found; but none of them had ever heard of the name. These much talked of tablets were



originally the property of the French *savant* Peiresc ; but being detained in Smyrna on some pretence or other, were purchased and brought to England in 1729 by William Petty, an ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was sent into the Levant for the purpose of collecting antiques, by Thomas Howard, the Earl of Arundel. They contain a chronological detail of the principal events in the history of Greece for a period of 1318 years, commencing with Cecrops, and ending with the Archonship of Diognetus, 264 years before Christ. Their authenticity has, however, been disputed ; and a number of forcible arguments have been adduced, to prove them spurious ; their impugn-ers attempting to show that they were merely fabricated, in order to deceive some enthusiastic antiquary.

From the Parian quarries, we descended by precipitous and uneven passages to the harbour of Marmora, where our boatmen were impatiently awaiting our arrival. They had kind-

led a fire upon the beach by means of a flint and some amadou,\* and brought with them some bread, and a small skin-full of wine for our dinner. The sun was just going down, and by the time we reached them, they had prepared for us an excellent repast of freshly caught perches, and the other beautiful little fish I have before referred to. Our leathern bottle was soon emptied of its contents; the moon rose like a shield of silver in the centre of a cloudless sky; the breeze began to freshen from the shore; and shaking out the white sail of our caique, we again cast off from the strand, and moved gently away towards Naxos.

\* Amadou, or, as it is called, by the Greeks *iska*, is the Turkish name for a species of dried fungus (*Bolelus igniarius*) universally made use of throughout the Levant, for the purpose of lighting the pipes of the islanders.

## LETTER XII.

## MYCONE, DELOS, AND RHENEA.

Εστι διειδομένη τις ἐν ὕδατι νησος αῖραι  
 Πλαζομένη πελαγέσσοι, ποδες δὲ οἱ οὐκ ἐνὶ χωρῷ  
 Ἀλλὰ παλirroισι ἐπιηχεται, ἀνθρικός ὥς  
 Ἐνθα νοτος, ἐνθ' εὐρος, ὅπη φορήσι θαλάσσα.

*Callimachus.—Hymn ad Del. v. 191.*

## STORY OF CREVELIER, THE HERO OF LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.

—Attacks a Fort in Maina.—Defeated.—Turns Corsair.—  
 Influence in the Archipelago.—Attack upon Andros.—Pillage  
 of Petra, in Mytelin.—His death.—MYCONE.—The Consul.—  
 Death of his Wife.—INNKEEPERS A GENUS PER SE.—DELOS.  
 —Anchorite at Rematieri.—His Story.—Mount Cynthus.—  
 ANTIQUE ARCH.—Pedestal of the statue of Apollo.—Portico  
 of Philip of Macedon.—Inscription of his Majesty's ship  
 Martin.—Comparative effect of extensive and disjointed  
 ruins.—Cistern or Naumachia.—Theatre.—Antique Well  
 lately discovered.—Origin of Delos.—Polycrates and Nicias.  
 —A Greek Hotel!—THE TOWN OF MYCONE.—Produce.—  
 Inhabitants.—Costume of the Islanders.—IPSARIOTS.—  
 Greek funeral.—MYRIOLOGUES.—Specimen of, from  
 Fauriel.

THE little bay in which we had dined at  
 Paros, has been rendered conspicuous in the

annals of the Levant by the deeds of two individuals who have associated their names with the scene. It was in a fortress, whose remains are still to be seen, near the shore, that the gallant but unfortunate Venieri defended himself against the arms of the renowned Barbarossa, in the reign of Solyman the Second; and in later times, the harbour of Marmora was the favourite resort of Crevelier, the corsair, whose intrepid exploits, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, were, for nearly twenty years, the terror of the Ægean islanders. The name of this singular man is still vividly remembered in the Levant; but I do not recollect that any English traveller has yet given a sketch of his career. He was a native of the South of France, and his youth, till the age of five-and-twenty, had been spent in trading from Marseilles to the Morea, and the various ports on the coasts of Turkey. Here he had gained the most accurate information of the situation of the Greeks, and the grinding op-

pression of their Ottoman masters : he saw, too, their evident discontent and repinings, and the inability of the Turks to keep them in proper subjection, owing to the daring presence of the Knights of Malta, who had driven almost every Moslem from the Cyclades.

Crevelier was a man of acute observation, and the most grasping and restless ambition ; the memory of the easy dominion obtained by Sanuto, and held by his descendants, was still fresh in the minds of the adventurers of Europe ; and it was only a few years before that the Marquis de Fleuri, a Marseillaise, with a small force, had attempted the capture of Naxos, and was prevented only by the presence of the fleet of the Venetians, who had made it an article of peace with the Porte that they should maintain a squadron in the *Ægean* for the protection of the Turkish possessions. Crevelier, fired with the same object, employed his superior local information regarding the Greeks to secure his success.

The Mainotes, the modern inhabitants of ancient Sparta, have been to the present hour the most turbulent and rebellious portion of the population of Greece, nor have the arms of all the Sultans, since Mahomet the Second, succeeded in thoroughly subduing them, or destroying their spirit of impatient independence. It was by their alliance that the adventurous corsair resolved on attempting the conquest of a portion of the Peloponessus; and, for that purpose, he entered into a treaty with Liberaki, the chief of Maina. By his advice, Crevelier passed up the Gulf of Kalokythia, and with 500 men laid siege to a castle upon the shore, which was held by a garrison of Turks. Here he was joined by a party of his allies; but Liberaki, instead of bringing, as he had promised, 5,000 armed followers, appeared before the castle with merely 800 attendants, and even these unprovided with arms or ammunition. Crevelier was not, however, to be daunted by one disappointment,—he united his band with

those of the Greeks, and intrepidly commenced the assault.

During five successive days, his efforts to expel the Turks were unavailing, and although he had succeeded in making several breaches in the wall, and in defeating the garrison in every sally which they attempted, still he was almost as far as ever from attaining possession of the fort. Besides, his allies were rather an incumbrance than an aid to him; they were totally deficient in courage and enthusiasm in an open assault, and Crevelier was on the point of abandoning the attempt, and betaking himself again to sea, when on the morning of the sixth day, a Maltese galley, manned by a body of the Knights, entered the bay, and cast anchor beside him.

In passing by Zante, they had heard of his expedition into the Morea, and, in pursuance of their oath of eternal hostility to the Turks, they had hurried to his assistance. But unfortunately they only arrived in time to witness



his defeat. The Mainotes, alarmed at the appearance of the Knights of St. John, and aware that *they* would not tolerate their supineness as the weakness of the French had forced them to do, betook themselves in a body to their mountains, and abandoned the siege to the strangers. The Turks now gained fresh confidence by the sight of the departing host, and issuing in a body from the fortress, drove the troops of Crevelier to their ships, and forced the Maltese, after sustaining heavy losses, to re-embark, weigh anchor, and steer from the Gulf.

Hugo now saw that the enterprize on which he had staked his fortunes, was thwarted, and mad with disappointment, he resolved on abandoning his home and his country, and becoming a corsair amidst the seas that had witnessed his defeat. In the course of a very short time, he collected round him a fleet of twenty sail, manned by Italians, Greeks, Mainotes, and Sclavonians, who had joined his flag, and with these

he pursued his course of lawless rapine. No corner of the Ægean was safe from his presence, he swept from shore to shore, and passed from isle to isle, with the gloom of a spirit, and the speed of the lightning. One by one the whole circle of the islands became his tributaries, and at stated periods the galleys of Crevelier were seen entering the harbours of the Archipelago, to receive his annual imposts, and on their ready compliance with his demands, returning again in peace to the retreats of their chieftain. His career, however, was unmarked by murder, and his excursions unstained by needless bloodshed. He was, in fact, rather a favourite with the Greeks, nor had he in any case proceeded to use violence towards them, save in the solitary instance of the island of Andros.

The natives had insulted his officers and refused to contribute the sums which he demanded, but in the silence of midnight, the galleys of Hugo cast anchor beneath their city; he landed sword in hand, and ere morning

dawned, had pillaged it from the cliffs to the sea; the houses of the inhabitants were robbed of their wealth, and the warehouses of the merchants were burst open and emptied by the pirates. Crevelier sailed off with a booty sufficient to have enriched his family for generations; nor did he ever restore a single crown, save the property of one French gentleman, which he returned to him at the request of the Marquis de Nointel, the Ambassador to the Porte from the Court of France. For fourteen years, he continued to infest the shores of Turkey, nor were the efforts of the Capitan Pacha ever able to discover his haunts or destroy his squadron. His favourite retreat was, however, the island of Paros, and it is said, that the fortress near Marmora, and the tales of the islanders relating to Crevelier, gave to Lord Byron the idea of Conrad, and the scene of the Pirate's Isle.

Amidst all his exploits, his *chef-d'œuvre* was the taking of Petra, one of the principal towns

in the island of Metelin, which he accomplished in the year 1676, nor has the unfortunate district ever yet recovered from the effects of his devastating visit. His followers landed on the shore in the evening, and having marched for the distance of three leagues into the interior, scaled the walls at midnight. The terrified Moslems, awaking from their slumbers, fled in haste to conceal themselves, and abandoned their houses to spoliation and plunder. During three hours, the band of the Corsairs were employed in securing their prey, and at day-light returned to Crevelier, who had remained in the galleys to guard the shores till their arrival. They brought with them a horde of five hundred slaves, and a quantity of plate, rich garments, silken carpets, precious stuffs, gems and money, whose value is stated at a sum beyond calculation or credit.

Hugo was now about to abandon his lawless pursuits for ever, and betake himself to home and retirement, and as a finishing blow against

the detested Ottomans, he resolved on concluding his career, by the plunder of a rich caravan, which was expected to pass from Alexandria to Constantinople. His squadron was despatched on the look out to the various islands in the vicinity of Cyprus, whilst he himself retired with two other galleys, to the harbour of Stampalia to await their report, before completing his decisive arrangements for attacking the convoy. But here his career was destined to close: he had on board his vessel, as his valet, a Savoyard, whom he had rescued from slavery, and imagined he had attached to him by long years of kindness. One day he had given him a blow in anger, but his resentment soon died away, and he fancied it was forgotten. The wretch had, however, treasured up the wrong, as a miser guards the talisman of his fortunes, nor was an opportunity long wanting to revenge it.

Crevelier, unsuspecting of injury, had often entrusted to the miscreant the key of his sainte

barbe, or powder-room, and on the day when he was about to sail from Stampalia, the Savoyard had neglected to return it to him. He went below, attached a slow match to one of the massy barrels, and returning on deck, rowed on shore with one or two of his companions, with a smile on his treacherous lips and lightness at his livid heart. The corsair was seated in his cabin, on the poop, with the two other commanders, when the match communicated; the vessel, bursting into a thousand atoms, was hurled into the air, in the midst of a volcano of flames and blazing timbers, and, when the terrific explosion had subsided, their bodies, and those of two hundred of their murdered companions, were washed by the agitated waves on the shores of the island. The name of Crevelier is still mentioned with awe by the seamen of Mycone and Milo; but admiration rather than terror attaches to his memory: his story I have often heard from the sailors of the Greek navy,

and a sketch of his history will be found in the volume of old Robert, the Jesuit, who professed to have met him in the Ægean, and to speak of his exploits from personal knowledge of their author.

The island of Mycone, to which we sailed, in one of the country caiques, from Naxos, lies at about twenty miles distant to the north-west. I had touched at it during a former cruise about three months before, and experienced extreme attention from the British consul, in whose house I had spent three days, during which contrary winds had prevented my return to Syra, but which I took advantage of to visit the neighbouring isles of Delos, which are only a few miles distant. This gentleman was called Signor Pietro Cordia, a native of Cerigo, and his lady was one of the most interesting women I had seen in the Levant. She was a member of the family of Mavroyeni, a name which is still borne by some members of her house, resident at Mycone, from which sprung the late



Hospodar of Wallachia, who figures so prominently in the fortunes of Anastasius. She was the youngest of nineteen children, and her mother had died only the year before at the advanced age of eighty. She had herself been married upwards of six years, and yet at the time I was introduced to her she was scarcely twenty years of age. The consul appeared ardently attached to her; nor did she seem to hold that servile rank to which the Levantine ladies are devoted: she was gay, young, and lovely; her husband, good-humoured, frank and affable; and, in short, the family was a perfect oriental picture of domestic happiness.

The quarantine regulations of Mycone are, or pretend to be, peculiarly strict, and whilst our passports and bills of health were now undergoing a scrutiny at the *Sanità*, we were permitted by the Archon or governor, Signior la Valette,\* to walk in the gardens of a mansion

\* This gentleman told us he is a relation of the celebrated general of the same name.

lately occupied by a Russian nobleman, who had resided here for a number of years as Consul-general, for the concealed purpose of favouring the views of his country with regard to the Greek islanders. Here we were visited by my former host, the consul, whom I was startled at seeing equipped in a full suit of the deepest mourning, and with a beard of six weeks' growth, according to the mourning custom of the Greeks. On inquiring the cause of his distress, he informed me, with streaming eyes, that his beloved Signora had expired about two months before, her death being occasioned by following the advice of an inexperienced physician who had attended her during her confinement. The sight of me seemed to tear open all the closed wounds of the poor fellow's bosom; he wept profusely, sighed long and deeply, and seemed a melancholy picture of fixed and overwhelming grief. He renewed his invitation that I would return to my old quarters; but this I declined on the

score of not having it in my power to repay him the favours I had already received at his hand. It was with difficulty that he would receive any denial, but he was at length prevailed on to go in search of apartments for me, whilst my papers were coming from the health office. On his departure, I communicated to another old acquaintance my sympathy with the sorrow of the worthy consul, but judge of my surprise when he informed me, with a significant smile, that Signor Cordia had omitted, in his tale of misfortunes, to mention one little incident; namely, that he had consoled himself with a second partner about a month after the death of the first, and by a strange commingling of joy and grieving, had absolutely compelled his present lady to put on, along with himself, deep mourning for her lamented predecessor! He returned in a few minutes, and received, with no little confusion, my expressions of satisfaction on this happy event; but as he was evidently anxious to drop the

subject, I did not press my congratulations; my papers were passed, my luggage landed, and I took up my quarters at a caffè on the Marino.

Throughout the world, innkeepers, who in society are a sort of genus *per se*, bear the same mutual and strongly marked characteristics of their profession. Through life, their motive and ends are alike, and consequently their generic habits and address are invariably similar, in all their leading particulars, in every country of Europe. They are courteous, since it is a remnant of ancient hospitality; important, because they are men in authority, having servants under their command; well favoured, since they live amidst the fat of the land; good humoured, as they mix only with strangers, and dare not, if they would, discover their spleen; talkative, since it is their doom to hear news, as well as their duty to divulge it; the most submissive, because they are the servants of the public, and yet the most au-

thoritative of mortals, because they are its masters. The keeper of a Greek coffee-house is of all men the most busy, bustling, and loquacious; always in a storm, either to please, to serve, or make you believe he is serving you; apparently the most complying, and yet the most obstinate of all entertainers. As to human passion, he has none; he is always meek, modest, and imperturbable, and the vilest expressions of rage and dissatisfaction will never extort from him any reply beyond a shrug of his shoulder, and a meek interjection of "*pazienza, Signor mio, pazienza!*" Our present host was a perfect specimen of his class: as to leaving his accustomed path to oblige a peculiar customer, the sun would sooner have left his own; and all the promises or threats of a guest could with him produce no other advantage than that eternal motion of his shoulder, and a meaningless *Lingua-franca* expression of "*no forza, Signor, no forza.*"

The passage from Mycone to Delos we made

in two hours, and as it was evening we landed at one of the two small islands which lie in the narrow channel separating Rhenea from Delos, and known by the name of Great and Little Rematieri. This miserable rock is the residence of four monks, who inhabit a hut at the extremity of it, and keep in repair a little chapel on the summit of the island. Two of them were abroad when we arrived, on a mendicant expedition through the Cyclades, and one of the others was gone to Mycone for provisions.

His companion advanced to meet us, a fine looking old man with a venerable beard, and apparently about eighty years of age. He told us that in early life he had been shipwrecked in the Black sea; his comrades, to a man, had perished, and he alone was preserved, having in the moment of peril made a vow, that should he succeed in saving his life, his future days should be devoted to heaven, and he would for ever abstain from partaking of animal food. These conditions he had sedulously observed :

having spent upwards of twenty years in a convent upon Mount Athos, he returned hither about thirty years ago, and since that period has existed in the same state of abstinence and seclusion in which we found him. On fast days he allows himself but one scanty meal at sunset, and his ordinary diet is eggs, milk, and cheese, fruit being considered a luxury, and not even the calls of sickness inducing him to violate his vow by the use of flesh.

He supplied the crew of our boat with vegetables and milk, but would only receive in return a trifling present of tobacco, and steadily declined permitting us to share with him our stock of sugar, wine, and brown bread. We, however, gladly embraced his permission to spread our carpets in one corner of his hut for the night, and the following morning crossed the channel to Delos. We were met upon the shore by a shepherd and his son, the only inhabitants upon the spot, and our cicerones in examining its antiquities.



We first accompanied them to their residence near the summit of Mount Cynthus, a wretched hovel which they had constructed of loose stones, and round which their flock of sheep was browsing on the cliffs once sacred to Diana. The ascent was steep and precipitous, and as we drew near their dwelling, the rocks were hollowed into a pathway, and a fissure in the cliff was crossed by a bridge evidently of very ancient construction. It was composed of a few long blocks of stone, made secure at the base, and leaning towards each other so as to form an acute angle at their juncture. Over this was strewn the layer of earth and stones which formed the pathway, by which we crossed the ravine.



This contrivance is precisely the same with that at the entrance to the pyramids of Gizeh, and as all the arches in the island are of late construction, and probably Roman, we may reasonably draw from this fact an argument with regard to the Greeks being ignorant of the use of the arch.

In order to examine the ruins with greater convenience, we pitched our tent midway between the mountain and the beach; and lay down to rest, till the cooling of the mid-day heat should permit us to stroll about the island. The greater portion of the antiquities of Delos lie towards the western strand, where a large block of white marble is the most conspicuous remnant of the Temple of Apollo. It formerly bore the inscription,

ΝΑΞΙΟΙ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙ,

but the legend is now almost obliterated, and the block is supposed to have been the pedestal for the statue of the God. All around it is strewn the wreck of the gorgeous temple, and

columns of attic proportions, broken friezes, and overthrown capitals, cover a space of nearly three hundred paces; some curious triglyphs, sculptured with heads of oxen, whose original destination is unknown, are found amidst them, but nothing remains so perfect as to lead to an elucidation of the order or dimensions of the whole. A few gigantic fragments of the statue of Apollo are lying beside it, but all are equally unworthy the trouble of raising or removal.

Closely adjoining to these are the most satisfactory ruins on the island,—those of the Portico of Philip of Macedon. Fifteen beautifully proportioned columns of white marble, now discoloured by long exposure, lie prostrate on the western side, but those on the east have disappeared, or are hidden by collected soil, weeds, and vegetation. These interesting relics are all carefully inscribed by the officers of the *Martin*, who seem to be the most greedy candidates for immortality of all who have visited the shores of Greece. His Majesty's black

paint has been profusely expended in registering their names upon the Temple of Sunium; and the column of Pompey at Alexandria bears a similar commemoration of the visit of this second Argo, in letters whose dimensions are suited to the gigantic record on which it is enrolled.

All around the vicinity of these classic remains the ground is thickly strewn with the debris of fallen edifices, and at every step one stumbles on some memento of fallen magnificence. Over the whole island, however, not a single column is now left standing, and some ponderous fragments alone serve to indicate the site of what has been. Yet, these disjointed and lonely masses are, perhaps, after all, the most interesting and satisfactory; more perfect ruins bring before the eye too *full* a picture of destruction and overthrow; whilst a few straggling, but splendid, vestiges, leave grandeur to the imagination, and serve, as it were, to antedate decay.

At some distance to the north of the Temple

of Apollo is a spacious cistern, now nearly filled up with rubbish, which is conjectured to have been a reservoir for the exhibition of naumachia, or naval combats; but, as its extreme length is only about three hundred feet, the galleys employed in the games must have been of very trifling dimensions. Not far from this spot lie the ruins of a splendid temple, whose dedication and whose worship are alike unknown; they are seated on a little eminence above the sea, and command a splendid prospect of the blue Ægean and the opposite isle of Rhenea, the ancient burying-place of Delos, whose inhabitants were forbidden to be interred in a spot rendered sacred by the birth of Diana and Apollo. Some mutilated, but beautiful columns, the fragments of a marble frieze, and a few shattered capitals, are all that remain to testify its ancient grandeur, whilst the name of its founder and the memory of the deity adored within it have perished.

Reascending the mountain, we arrived at the

theatre, which, from the peculiar construction of its walls, must be of very early date. The diameter of its area, which faces the south-west, is two hundred and fifty feet ; and, as usual, advantage has been taken of the slope of the hill in hollowing out the rows of seats for the spectators. The courses of masonry vary in height, and the joints are not always vertical, but the stones are so admirably fitted to each other that not the slightest interstice has been left. A reservoir, in the midst of some ruins near the scene, is evidently Roman from the construction of its arches, and a smaller one, nearly choked up, is found on the other side of it. Throughout the entire circuit of the island the soil is covered profusely with the remains of buildings, either in granite, brick, or marble. Scattered over the ground, lie altars decorated with festoons, pedestals stored with inscriptions, and architectural ornaments, whose design or destination are equally unknown to the artist.



Fragments of pottery (always found wherever the Greeks have passed) are turned up in every quarter of the shore; and a few days before our arrival the shepherd had discovered a small arched cistern on Mount Cynthus, in which was floating a little urn of exquisite model and gracefully ornamented. Little, however, now remains at Delos worth the pains of removal; all that was valuable has been borne away by successive spoilers; and, at the present day, the materials employed in the gorgeous edifices of antiquity are daily carried off by the neighbouring islanders, for the construction of their miserable dwellings.

From the traditions of the ancients, and the name of “Delos,” it is evident that at a distant period it has been visited by some volcanic changes similar to those of the other islands, by which the sea has perhaps shrunk away from its shores; but the nature of its schistose and granitic composition, must preclude the



possibility of its having ever floated over the sea “like a flower before the winds.”\* A French *savant*, M. l’Abbé Salier, has however attempted by the help of Seneca, to prove its possibility, and gravely asserts that “ce sentiment n’est pas suivant les loix de la physique, hors de tout vraisemblance;”† but the labour of confuting would only equal the absurdity of uttering such an opinion.

The island is at present known by the name of Sthili, but it has long ceased to be esteemed of any importance; neither its situation, produce, nor harbours, affording any allurements to its re-population, and its gloomy and melancholy aspect seeming to deter every wanderer from settling on its desolated shore. After sunset, we returned to our quarters with the monk, repassing the narrow strait which has been rendered celebrated by the follies of Poly-crates and the pomp of Nicias.‡ The former

\* Callimachus. † Mem. de la Literat. T. iii. p. 376.

‡ See Plutarch in vita.—Thucyd. lib. iii.

having taken possession of the Island of Rhenea, dedicated it to Diana, and bound it to Delos by an iron chain, which stretched across the strait. The latter being appointed to conduct the processions to the Temple of Apollo, which landed at the island every fifth year, constructed a bridge from Rematieri to the continent, decorated it with tapestry, gold and garlands, and over this at sunrise, led the band of youths who were to perform the usual homage at the altar of the God.

On landing at the hut of our hospitable entertainer, we found that his comrade had just returned from Mycone, and was busily engaged in preparing for us our supper of lentils and fruit. Wine was not now forgotten, but our ascetic friend, the sailor, would not be prevailed upon to let it pass his lips: we spent the night as before, and the ensuing morning started about mid-day for Mycone. We rowed close by Rhenea, which appeared low, barren, and uncultivated; nor does it contain any regular

inhabitants, its fields being only partially tilled by a few of the natives of Mycone, who visit it occasionally. Its beach was once covered with the tombs of the Delians, but slight vestiges now remain upon the shore ; a few sculptured stones and overturned slabs of marble alone marking the site of the ancient cemetery.

On arriving at our *caff *, we found that the sharp air of the sea had created for us a pretty active appetite, and summoning up our loquacious landlord, we ordered him immediately to prepare for us kebabs and stewed lamb ; the fellow replied with a smirk, that we could have no lamb to-day. Well then, fowls ?—No, no fowls ?—Eggs ?—cheese ?—all were alike impossible, they could not be procured. And *why* ? said we, with half a conviction that the fellow designed to impose upon us ; because, replied he, “oggi, Signor mio, che impossibile, perch  oggi sta *fest *, ma (with a shrug) *domane, dopo domane, eh ! videremo.*” This, however, was cold comfort to a starving crew ; but although

we urged that *we* could have no objections to break the fast, still Spiro assured us that the materials were not to be found, as the peasantry did not bring them to market on holidays.

The town of Mycone is built at the recess of a commodious bay, which is generally crowded with mysticoes, caiques, and small craft. It is situated at the base of a hill, which rises abruptly from the edge of the sea, crowned with a long range of windmills, an appendage as indispensable to a Greek town, as a mosque and minaret to a Turkish one. The streets are all narrow and uneven; nor are the houses nearly so commodious as those of others of the Cyclades. The inhabitants, between 3 and 4,000 in number, live almost exclusively in the town, as the surface of the island is too barren, and too scantily supplied with soil and water, to furnish them with the means of subsisting by agriculture. They are chiefly employed as sailors, and, in point of activity and address, are second only to the Hydriots and Spezziots,

whose rocky homes serve likewise to account for their naval superiority.

In the vicinity of the town, however, the grounds are partially cultivated, and produce a quantity of delicious fruit, and as much red wine as supplies the wants of the natives, and leaves about 500 barrels for exportation. Like Syra, Tinos, and the other islands, the inhabitants have purchased from the Turks an immunity from the presence of the Moslems amongst them. They have the privilege of electing their own Governor from their own body, and their annual karatsch and tribute amounts to about 8,000 piastres. From their peaceful and industrious habits, as well as from their possessing no fortifications in the town, they have taken no part in the present revolution; nor have they suffered from it further than as sharers in the general depression of commerce, which it has produced throughout the Levant. The streets are crowded with lazy, filthy-looking priests, who seem to form one-third part of the

population, and Mycone is said to contain upwards of 300 churches and chapels, which have been built at various times by the offerings of mariners escaped from shipwreck. Pliny and Strabo both agree in mentioning, as a peculiarity of the natives, that they become bald at a very early age :\* but be this as it may, I have never seen a finer-looking set of fellows than those who crowd its quays ; and the women, were it not for their costume, would be extremely pretty. Their dress consists of as many pieces as that of the grave-digger in Hamlet, and though highly antique, is by no means becoming ; affording an ample proof that simplicity is the secret of beauty, and that a multiplicity of ornament serves to encumber, not to enhance the graces of person. Their head-dress consists of a profusion of shawls and handkerchiefs piled on in apparently promiscuous confusion ; their figures are concealed by clumsy rolls of discoloured linen ; their pet-

\* Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. vi. cap. 37. Strab. Rer. Geog. lib. 10.



ticoats reach barely to the knee, and the natural contour of the leg is totally enveloped in layers, strata upon strata, of gaudy worsted stockings; whilst their toes are stuck into little spangled shoes of netted silk, with a heel nearly two inches in height; and under this mass of millinery a lady moves from spot to spot with about as much ease as an automaton. Many of the younger females have, however, adopted the costume of Constantinople; they deck their hair with garlands of ribbons and flowers; and their richly-bordered petticoats are surmounted by a long silk robe, open in front, in order to display the figure to the best advantage. My companion was anxious to make a drawing of one lady whom we met at the house of Signor Cordia; but no entreaties could prevail on her to permit it, from a superstitious belief that death would inevitably ensue; as some time ago an English gentleman had made a sketch of two sisters of Mycone, one of whom had died within the following year.



Since the destruction of Ipsara in 1824, the remnant of its population have been principally settled at Mycone, where we saw them in numbers in the streets, the women in their ancient and semi-classical costume, and the men with the dress and manly carriage of the Hydriots. They object to returning to their native town, owing to its disadvantageous situation for commerce, and are anxious to fix on some safe retreat where their industry may once again restore them to affluence. Navarino has been spoken of, should it be again recovered from the Turks,\* and Delos was suggested, but opposed by the Myconiot, who feared that the superior enterprize of the Ipsariots might be ruinous to them. Their favourite speculation, however, is to rebuild the Piræus, but want of funds has hitherto prevented them taking any steps for its accomplishment.

\* The reader will remember, that this passage, like many similar ones throughout the volumes, were written three years back, in 1825.

On the evening of our return from Delos, we saw a funeral, which passed by the coffee-house where we were seated. The corpse, enveloped in a capote, and placed on a rude bier, was supported on the shoulders of four men, who proceeded at a quick pace, whilst a priest walked before, chaunting and swinging a censer of myrrh; and a crowd of women followed, singing in alternate verses a monologue, or improvised dirge for the deceased. The women of Mycone are celebrated throughout the Levant for their talent in this kind of extemporaneous composition, which, however, is usual in every district of Greece. These improvisations are not the result of previous study, they are the genuine effusions of the heart during a moment of sorrow, or as a French writer has denominated them, "*le delire de la douleur.*" Since they are seldom committed to writing, but few specimens have reached us, but one, of which M. Fauriel has given a version in prose, is distinguished by great pathos and simplicity. A

woman of Mezovo, a district of Mount Pindus, lost her husband at the age of twenty-five, and was left in early widowhood with two helpless infants. She was a peasant of the most simple character, and who had never evinced any striking traits of genius, but on this occasion her sorrow seemed sublimed to poetry. Leading her children by the hand, she approached the body of their father and commenced her dirge, by the recital of a dream which she had had some days before.

“ I saw a young stranger, who stood by our door,  
But he look'd as I ne'er beheld mortal before;  
His figure was tall, and my eye could not brook  
To meet the strange glance of his menacing look.  
From his ivory shoulders, he spread to the light,  
Two wings of transparent and heavenly white ;  
And I mark'd, as he stood by our vine-cover'd door,  
That a bright flashing falchion he haughtily bore.

“ He asked me if thou, my loved husband, wert there,  
And I scarce could reply, for I trembled with fear—  
I told him thou wast, and I pointed where thou  
Wert smoothing the curls upon Nicolo's brow.

‘ But thou canst not come in, no ! thou must not indeed,  
For thy image will strike our dear infant with dread.’

“ But his ears to the voice of my terror were closed ;  
He struggled to enter ; in vain I opposed ;  
He pass’d me, nor heeded my suppliant word,  
But plunged in the heart of my husband his sword ;  
He slew thee, my love, and now, wretched and wild,  
We are bending above thee, thy widow and child.”

\* Fauriel, vol. 1. p. cxxxvii.

## LETTER XIII.

— cretosaque rura Cymoli.

*Ovidii, Metam.* lib. vii.

## MILO AND ARGENTIERA.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CYCLADES.—Eastern tenacity of ancient Customs.—MILO.—Splendid Harbour.—Hot Springs.—Effects of eating Honey.—Caves.—Turkish Mode of shoeing Horses.—Route to the Town of Milo.—American Aloe.—Hedges of, illustrative of Passage in Micah and Proverbs.—Milo.—British Consul and his family.—SINGULAR COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF MILO.—Illustrative of 1 Peter, c. iii. v. 8.—View from the Town.—ARGENTIERA.—Derivation of its Name.—Cymolian Earth.—Town.—Inhabitants.—Unhealthy Climate of Milo.—Destruction of a Greek Convent.—ANTIQUITIES.—Amphitheatre.—Massacre of the Milots by the Athenians in the Peloponesian War.—Catacombs.—Cylopean Walls.—A Temple discovered.—Baron Haller.—Marble Foot-bath.—The Venus of Milo in the Louvre.—Ancient Cake referred to by Ezekiel.—Government of Milo.—STORY OF JOANNES CAPSI, KING OF THE ISLAND.—State of Milo before his usurpation.—Crowned.—His Administration.—Betrayed.—Executed at Constantinople.

THE appearance of almost all the Cyclades, on first approaching them, is exceedingly simi-

lar; they all present the same rude porous rocks, brown cliffs, and verdureless acclivities, whose uniformity is scarcely broken by a single tree, and whose loneliness is seldom enlivened by a village or a human habitation. The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around their shores, and the rays of the unclouded sun beam fiercely down on their unsheltered hills,

“ Dimmed with a haze of light.”

On landing, however, every islet presents a different aspect, and every secluded hamlet a new picture of life, of manners, of costume, and, not unfrequently, of language. The soil of one is rich, and luxurious, and verdant; that of a second, only a few miles distant, is dry, scorched, and volcanic; the harbour of another is filled with the little trading craft of all the surrounding ports; its quays rife with the hum and hurry of commerce, and its coffee-houses crowded with the varied inhabitants of a hundred trading marts; whilst a fourth, of equal capa-

bilities, and barely an hour's sail beyond it, will be as quiet and noiseless as a city of the plague; its shores unvisited, its streets untrodden, and its fields untilled.

But such is the result of that tenacity to ancient usages, and that predilection for the pursuits, the habits, and the tastes of their forefathers, which vindicates for the countries of Asia the title of the "*unchanging East*." From age to age the natives of these secluded spots have continued to preserve those customs and those manners whose antiquity is now their greatest charm, and which long association has rendered it almost sacrilegious to alter or abandon; whilst far removed from any later models with which to contrast them, contentment and custom have long since neutralized both their awkwardness and inconvenience.

In this respect Milo, where we arrived in a Greek ship of war, presented quite a new scene of Levantine society: the dress, the manners, the means of support, the character, the pur-



suits, and the habitations of its islanders, were all dissimilar to those of the numerous little communities which so closely surround it: but of these anon.—It was after sunset when we entered its harbour, and on waking in the morning I was totally surprised to find that we were at anchor in a bay of considerable dimensions and completely land-locked. The port of Milo is, in fact, one of the very finest in the Mediterranean: of those immediately in the Levant, Mytilene alone is superior in point of size, whilst that of Milo surpasses it in the circumstance of affording a perfectly safe anchorage throughout.

We landed at the shore near some old stores which had been formerly used for the exportation of wheat, a small portion of which is annually shipped from the island, and having engaged horses to convey us to the town of Milo, about three miles up the hill, we walked on to view the tepid springs, which are situated on the beach a short distance to the right of

the landing-place. They arise very near the edge of the sea, and are strongly impregnated with sulphur, which, owing to the volcanic origin of Milo, is to be found in considerable quantities in all quarters of the island. These baths are much frequented by the neighbouring islanders, who are in many instances afflicted with scrofulous diseases,—a fact which may be attributed to their too liberal use of honey, which, owing to its abundance in almost all the Cyclades, affords a frequent substitute for sugar.\*

To the north of the stores I have mentioned, are a number of caves perforated in the rocky beach, and said to be of some extent, but it is now impossible to enter them owing to their being almost totally filled with stagnant water. Throughout the entire island, however, these excavations are frequent, and were probably adapted to the reception of rain-water for the

\* May not this be the evil referred to in Proverbs, "*It is not good to eat much honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.*"—c. xxv. v. 27.

summer season, as in the other Cyclades, wells being extremely rare in Milo. In many instances they have been found dry and passable, and in such cases their roofs have often been covered with a deposit of plumose alum, whose beautiful radiations had ornamented the entire cavern.

On our return we found the horses awaiting us, a few miserable, stunted ponies, almost buried beneath the weight of their Turkish saddles and shovel stirrups. One singularity we had here an opportunity of remarking, namely, that like all the steeds of the Levant, their shoes consisted of one continuous plate of iron covering the entire under-surface of the foot; a peculiarity in farriery, which may be accounted for by the roughness of the rude and flinty paths over which they have to travel, and which would otherwise soon wear away the unprotected portions of the hoof.

Our route to the town was steep, narrow,

and circuitous, winding along the acclivity of the hills which sloped down to the harbour, and, occasionally, passing through fields from which the crops of barley and wheat had been but lately removed. The only shrubs which diversified the monotony of the scene, were a few sickly and drooping fig-trees, and sometimes a cluster of prickly pears or American aloes; of which, in many instances, the inhabitants had formed fences for their corn-fields. This practice I had before observed at Alicata, in the south of Sicily, where the aloe is known by the name of *Zabari*, and where the plant, besides affording, from the strong fibres of its leaves, a capital substitute for hemp, is frequently cut up into slices as fodder for the cattle. As a hedge, its hardy and lance-like thorns render it totally impassable, and (if we may suppose it to be the plant referred to) a perfect illustration of the text in which Micah, complaining of the general corruption of the church, exclaims,

“ The best of them is a brier : the most upright is *sharper than a thorn hedge*. ”\*

The town of Milo, at which we arrived in about an hour's ride, is situated like almost all those of the Levant, on a conical acclivity, towards the summit of which its narrow streets stretch up with a precipitancy more conducive to cleanliness than convenience.

We were met near the town by Signior Micheli, (or as he calls himself, Mitchell,) the English consul, and conducted by him to his own dwelling, near the summit of the hill. His house was strikingly clean and comfortable, and furnished in a style that marked at once the taste and opulence of its owner. His family consisted of one son, a young man about thirty years of age, or upwards,† and two daughters, whose charms were of no ordinary cast ; but perhaps their personal graces were heightened by the lonely situation in

\* Micah, c. vii. v. 4. See also Proverbs, c. xv. v. 19.

† Afterwards killed at the battle of Navarino.

which we found them, and their beauty, like the virtue of a magnet, would have lost its powers of attraction when brought in contact with its compeers.

Their dress was Smyrniot, or almost European, and contrasted most favourably with that of the other ladies of the island, whose costume is much the same to-day with what it was some centuries ago. Their head is enveloped in a handkerchief folded somewhat fantastically, so as to form a turban with a kind of elevated cone at the top; and a shawl of no ordinary dimensions being flung around their shoulders, is braced by a girdle at the waist, whilst its superfluous folds are fashioned into a capacious bag behind. The petticoats descend no farther than the knee, which is concealed by a pair of drawers, reaching as low as the ball of the leg, and the foot being first swathed in three or four successive pairs of stockings, is thrust into the toe of a fancifully ornamented shoe with an unusually high

heel. Four or five gowns and other garments, heaped on with less taste than profusion, complete this singular masquerade, and all are secured at the waist by a velvet stomacher, richly embroidered, and glittering with gilded spangles. The hair of the younger females is first plaited into long triple bands, and then twisted round the head, interlaced with strings of zechins, mahmoudis, and other golden coins, or left to flow gracefully behind them.

I have been induced to look on this costume as peculiarly ancient, at least, in fact, if not in fashion, from a verse which occurs in the first Epistle of Peter, in which, addressing himself to the female members of the church, he admonishes them to let their adorning be of the heart, and not to consist in “the *plaiting of the hair and the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel.*”\* Here the allusion is evidently

\* 1 Peter, c. iii. v. 3.—The peculiarity of this passage is very striking. It runs thus in the original: Ὡς ἔστω οὐχ, ὁ ἐξωθεν ἐμπλοκῆς τριχῶν καὶ περιθεσεως χρυσίων, ἢ ἐνδύσεως



pointed at this unmeaning custom, which, though remarkable, is by no means unusual in the islands; and the latter clause is distinctly designed to suppress this absurd and irrational taste, for heaping on one superfluous garment above another.

The dress of the men is principally that of European seamen, which they have adopted in consequence of being, almost without exception, pilots by profession; but occasionally,

ἱματίων, κόσμος. In the ordinary translations, these prohibitions have been divided into *three* heads, the plaiting of the hair, the wearing of golden ornaments, and the putting on of apparel; whilst by looking at the text it will be found to consist of but *two*, viz.: the plaiting *and* (καί) entwining (περιθέσεως) of gold in the hair, or (ἡ) the putting on of apparel. To the latter, the Scholiast has added as an explanation, πολυτελων, i. e. *rich* garments. But as it is not likely that the Apostle would discountenance altogether the use of dress, it is to be supposed that he would himself have defined his meaning, (had it been that conjectured by the Scholiast) by appending this necessary limitation. As it stands, the sacred text is amply elucidated by the fact I have mentioned above, which vindicates, I think, the interpretation I would put upon it.

amongst the lower orders, we observed the jacket and cotton trowsers of the Hydriots; and a few individuals in the picturesque *fermeli* and *fustanella* of Albania, were evidently strangers to the island.

After a short visit to the consulate, Micheli and his son accompanied us to the top of the little conical mount, round which the town is built, and which commands a perfect view of every portion of the island, and the seas for miles surrounding it. Milo with its peerless harbour lay spread beneath us, and we could distinctly trace every bending of its shores, and every sloping acclivity of its fertile but uninteresting hills. A number of the inhabitants were seated on the flat roof of a house near the top of the town, to keep a look-out for the approach of vessels arriving from Europe or the Levant, and a finer watch-tower could scarcely be conceived; the Archipelago stretched like a panorama around them, beginning with Crete and Cythera, the Morea, and the

hills of Sparta, Falconera, Spezzia, and Hydra, Cape Colonna, Eubœa, Zea, Andros, Tinos, Thermia, Serpho, and Syra; Paros, Nios, Polycandro, Santorin, and a thousand others, for which we have now no names, but with which the sailors of the Ægean are perfectly familiar. Immediately beneath us was the miserable rock of Argentiera. This wretched spot was colonized but a few centuries back by fugitives from Siphanto, and obtained from the French its present designation, in consequence of having possessed some silver mines, no traces of which are now to be found, though anxiously sought for by the Russians in 1770. Its ancient denomination was Cymolus, which is still retained in its modern Greek name of Kimoli, and its shores were celebrated for the production of the Cimolian earth, still used in fulling by the natives.\*

\* This clay was likewise made use of for sealing letters, a substitute by no means unusual in the East. "Is it turned as clay to the seal?" Job. c. xxxviii. v. 14.

During the early part of the last century it was noted as a resort of the pirates who haunted the Arches, and the gaudy ornaments still borne on the dresses of its females they are said to have been enabled to procure by the munificence of the corsairs. Its town, consisting of a cluster of abominable huts, is built on an acclivity above its harbour, and its inhabitants pursue the same occupation as those of their neighbours in Milo. They have no agriculture amongst them, since scarcely a dust of soil is found upon their sterile rocks, nor have they any available produce, or means of subsistence, beyond their precarious gains as pilots through the Cyclades.

They are in general much more healthy than the Milots, whose climate is unfortunately one of the most noxious in the Levant, and whose soil being volcanic, is still boiling and fermenting with intestine fires, and constantly emitting the most unwholesome vapours and deadly miasmata. On this account, they have by de-

grees deserted their former town, which stands near the shores of the harbour, and retired to the more lofty situations of Sifours, and the mount I have mentioned, and even this latter is in turn becoming gradually unhealthy and deserted.

Towards its summit they still point out the site of a monastery of Capuchins, which was blown up by the Turks about a century back. Like those of Patino and some of the other islands, it bore somewhat of a castellated appearance, and under pretence of its affording shelter to the corsairs, and concealment for their booty, the Porte despatched an officer with orders to have it destroyed.

On his arrival in the harbour, he gave the monks due notice of his intentions, and the only time allowed them to pack up and depart, was a delay of three hours; during which the Turks were engaged in undermining the four corners of their dwelling. A quantity of gunpowder was then fired in each, and the convent

was blown to ruins before the eyes of the inmates, who were strictly enjoined against ever attempting its restoration.

On descending from the town, we proceeded to view the antiquities of Milo, which are chiefly situated at the eastern side of the island. They consist principally of the remains of an amphitheatre, commenced but never completed, as the inhabitants were all either massacred or carried away into captivity by the Athenians, during the period of its construction.\* Near these, the porous rocks of the hill have been hollowed out into numerous catacombs, similar to those of Antiphellus, but now occupied chiefly as folds for the sheep of the peasantry.

Above them are some massy cyclopean walls which are quickly hastening to decay, and at a short distance farther down the hill, a temple has been just discovered, but is not as yet

\* Athenienses Meliorum quoscunque nacti sunt puberes interemerunt, pueros ac foeminas in servitutem acceperunt, domumque asportarunt. Locum ipsi incoluerunt missis eo propemodum quingentis colonis.—*Thucydides*, lib. v.

satisfactorily explored, owing to a prohibition from the Provisional Government, who have announced their intention of appropriating all the antiques discovered in Greece and the islands to the formation of a national museum at Athens. The amphitheatre was purchased from its proprietor by the late Baron Haller, but owing to his premature death, its excavations were never thoroughly prosecuted.

It was in the vicinity of these ruins that the celebrated statue, the Venus of Milo, now deposited in the Louvre, was discovered, and purchased for the French Government by their Consul, M. Brest. This gentleman had likewise a few days before our arrival opened the remains of a beautiful little building near the town, which has proved to be the ruins of a marble foot-bath of very elegant construction. In every direction the island is excavated into cisterns and reservoirs for the reception of rain-water, the greater portion of which are now destroyed, or partially filled up by the falling



in of the surrounding rocks, but all attest the former dense population of the island, so sadly contrasted with its present desertion and decay.

It was evening when we returned to the town, and on going on board, the hospitable Consul had prepared a repast for us at his house, consisting of dried fruit, wine freshly drawn from a skin-bottle, (the ἀσκή αἰγείῳ of Homer\*) and warm cakes baked with honey, flour, and oil, a species of pastry with which we had before been presented at Hydra, and which strongly reminded us of the fare by which Ezekiel typifies the kindness of God to Jerusalem,† “thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk and brodered work, and thou didst eat *fine flour, and honey, and oil.*”

The political situation of Milo under the Porte has always been rather enviable than otherwise; their tribute and capitation tax have

\* Iliad, iii. v. 247.

† Ezek. ch. xvi. v. 18.

never been exorbitant, nor have they been subject to the residence of any Turks amongst them. About the close of the seventeenth century, however, a singular individual, a native of the island, contrived to raise himself to absolute power in Milo, and actually reigned, for three years, unmolested and independently.

The name of this second Massaniello was Joannes Capsi. He was by profession a sailor, and had, like many of his countrymen, amassed a considerable sum by employing himself as a pilot, as well as by several commercial speculations through the Archipelago. By nature, he was bold, hardy, and enterprising, whilst an easy good humour, and a commanding, yet winning affability, had rendered him excessively popular amongst his countrymen. There were no Turks resident in the island, and it was but seldom that they were troubled even with their occasional visits, since the vigilance of the Knights of Malta rendered the periodical expe-

ditions of the Capitan Pacha, to collect the tribute, rather hazardous excursions.

Thus left almost totally to themselves, and with the choice of their own governors, Capsi first conceived the idea of rendering his country independent of the Sultan. He gradually broke his design to one after another of his friends, till having secured the assistance of some, and the approbation of all classes of his fellow islanders, he at last threw off the mask, was proclaimed King of Milo by his followers, and crowned by the Latin Bishop, Don Antonio Camillio, who hung round his neck a massive golden chain, whilst the populace applauded the ceremony with loud acclamations and shouts of "Long live Capsi ! long live King John of Milo !"

Nothing embarrassed by his new dignity, Capsi set about the performance of its duties with all the moderation of a philosopher. He had secured the friendship of the principal and

leading men of the island, and by their influence he was presented with the finest house in Milo, had a revenue assigned him from the public taxes, and a guard of fifty men appointed to wait on him abroad, whilst five and twenty were constantly in attendance before his gate. He set apart stated days for the dispensation of public justice, and became at once the Law-giver, the Judge, and the Monarch of Milo.

This state of affairs continued, with uninterrupted tranquillity, for upwards of three years, till the Porte, becoming alarmed rather at the prudence than the power of Joannes, and dreading lest his example should be more extensively imitated, resolved to make him a public example for the inculcation of passive obedience.

It was a matter of no small difficulty, however, to gain possession of the person of a man beloved by all around him, and with eight hundred armed followers under his command.

The Capitan Pacha, aware of all these circumstances, forbore to visit Milo in person, through a fear of exciting suspicion, and merely sent round three gallies for the purpose of receiving the annual tribute. The Turkish commander landed without a guard, and proceeding unattended to the Palace of Capsi, addressed him as the sovereign of the island, paid him a thousand compliments, and expressed the readiness of the Porte to recognize his authority in Milo, provided he should hold himself a vassal of the Sultan, and continue to pay the annual tribute as heretofore.

Joannes, betrayed by his vanity, closed at once with his proposal, and the Turk withdrew to his vessel, whilst Capsi, forgetful of his usual prudence, prepared to return his visit. In order not to yield in politeness to the envoy of the Porte, he descended to the beach, accompanied only by twelve individuals of his guard, and incautiously ventured on board the caravella of the treacherous Ottoman, who instantly

threw him into irons, and setting sail, carried him without delay to Constantinople, where the unfortunate King was hung on a tree before the gate of the Bagnio in 1680.

On coming down to the beach, after bidding adieu to the Consul, we found the sailors, who had been waiting with the barge to take us on board, collected round an itinerant musician, who was seated on a rock near the store-houses at the landing-place, and accompanied himself on a kind of guitar, whilst the seamen danced their romaica to his monotonous chant. Their motions were rapid, violent, and intricate, but totally divested of grace or elegance; they swung round, stooped towards the earth, and sprung aloft till they touched the soles of their feet with their fingers, and then joining hands, they again threaded the mazes of the dance, all the time wearing as much solemnity in their countenances as if engaged in some mysterious ceremony of their church.

The romaica being concluded, the boat was again detained whilst the musician, who seemed to be a well-known and popular performer, was solicited to sing the favourite ballads of each of the audience who could advance him a para. Amongst his ditties was one which has been preserved by M. Fauriel, but of the sweetness of which any translation can give but a faint idea.

Its hero was the Protopalikar of Androuzos the Kleft, father to that Ulysses who acted so prominent a part in the early scenes of the present revolution. After taking a leading share in the unfortunate insurrection in the Morea, in 1770, when the Greeks were so basely betrayed by their Muscovite allies, Androuzos had again engaged in the revolt in Epirus, in 1786, and being a second time deserted by Russia, was seized, whilst attempting his escape, by the Venetians, who then held possession of the Ionian Islands, and finally despatched by them to Constantinople, where he expired of the



plague, about the year 1800. The song expresses the grief of the wife of Kilia-Koudas, who, after the betrayal of his Chieftain, had placed her for protection in Ithaca, and betaken himself to the hills for refuge and revenge.

OH, could I mount like yonder bird,  
How swift I'd seek the plains,  
Where captive Ithaca is held  
Beneath the winged-lion's\* chains;

And there to Kilia-Koudas' spouse  
I'd lend my listening ear,  
And every sorrowing word she spoke  
With stifled breath I'd strive to hear.

Her grief is as the bird whose young  
Are in the fowler's snare,  
And as the sea-bird plucks his plumes,  
She heedless tears her braided hair.

She deems that of the raven hue  
Her mournful dress should be,  
And all day long her straining eyes  
Are bent upon the dark blue sea.

---

\* The standard of Venier.

And when along the silent shore  
 There comes a snowy sail,  
 To barque, caique, and brigantine,  
 She tells with tearful voice her tale—

“ Say, have ye pass’d by Valtos’ bay,  
 Ye boats with gilded prows ;  
 Have ye of Kilia-Koudas heard,  
 Ah, tell me, have ye seen my spouse ?”

“ Oh, yes, we ’ve Kilia-Koudas seen,”  
 They answer to his bride—  
 “ We saw him, ’twas but yestere’en  
 Adown by Gavrolimi’s side.

“ His Klefts and he, on mountain lambs,  
 Were feasting all the day,  
 And sheep were roasting, and each spit  
 Was turning by a captive Bey.”\*

The Greeks were so enchanted by his performance, that even the approach of night

\* Εἶχαν ἀρνιά καὶ ἔψαιναν, κριάρια σουβλισμένα·  
 Εἶχαν καὶ πέντε μπέηδας, ταῖς σούβλαις νὰ γυρίζουν.

The allusion in the concluding lines of the ballad is peculiarly characteristic of the manners of its heroes.

could not induce them to break up. With some difficulty, prevailed on two of them to row us on board, and as we glided slowly over the unrippled water, we could still hear the alternate plaudits of the sailors, and the clear tones of the minstrel, as he sang by the shore of the moonlit bay.



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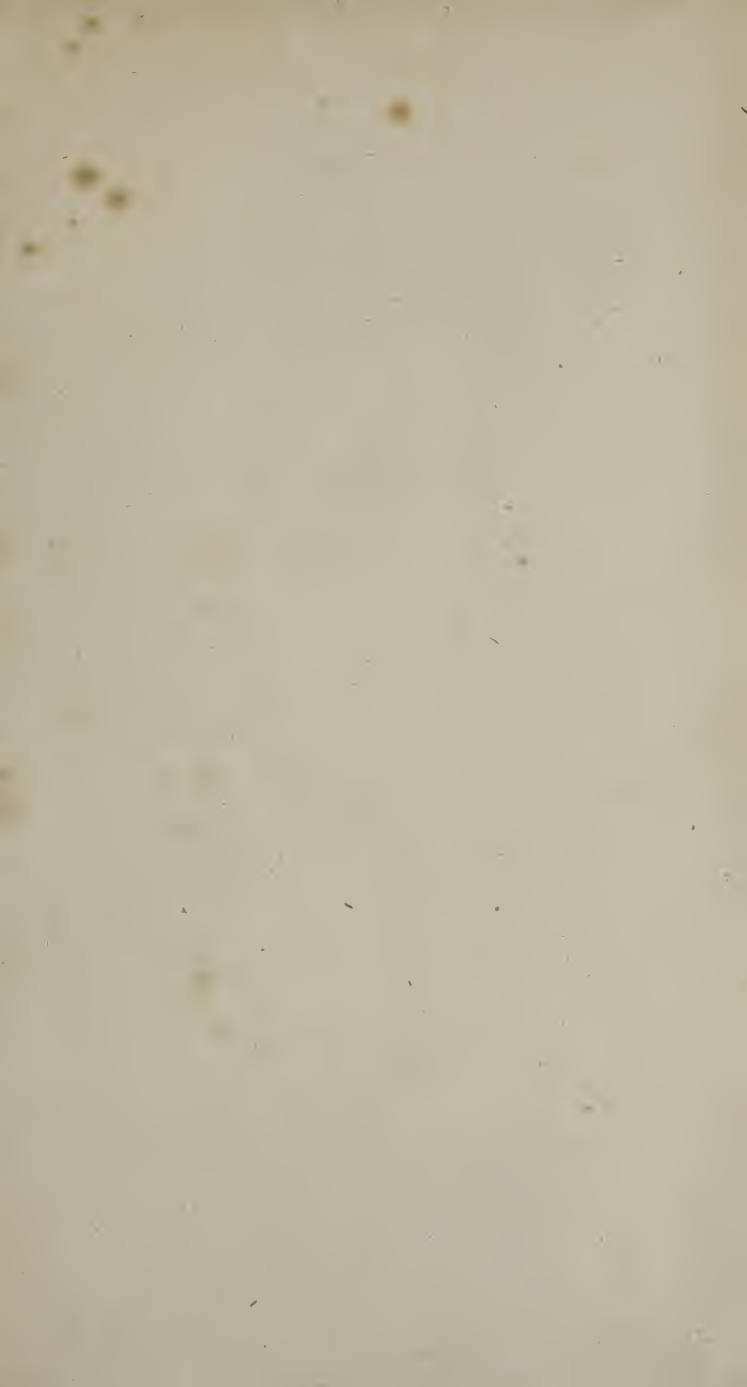
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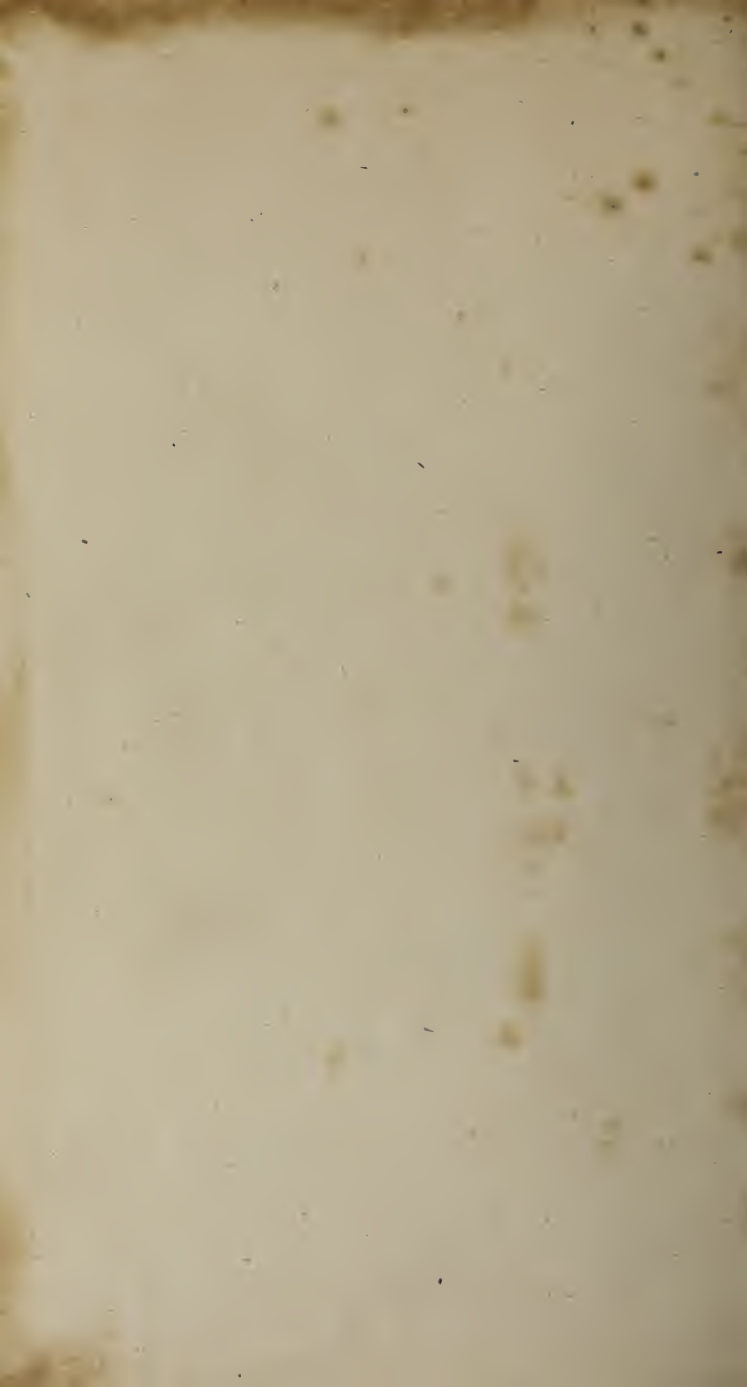
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